

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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No. 2321.—VOL. LXXXIII.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1883.

WITH SUPPLEMENT } SIXPENCE.
AND COLOURED PICTURE } By Post, 6½d.



ALFONSO XII., KING OF SPAIN, IN THE UNIFORM OF THE 15TH SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN UHLANS.

DEATHS.

On the 18th ult., at Taganrog, South Russia. Caroline L., widow of J. P. Carruthers, H.B.M.'s Consul, Taganrog, aged 75.
On the evening of the 28th ult., at Villa Biletti, Moncalieri, Italy, aged 20. Leopoldina (Dina), eldest daughter of the Chevalier Biletti and granddaughter of the late James Scott, Esq., of Madras. Friends please accept this intimation.

On the 4th inst., at No. 12, Strathmore-gardens, Kensington, Julia, second daughter of the late Rev. Edward A. F. Harenc.

On the 27th ult., on board the s.s. Shannon, on the voyage from India, Daniel Charles, the dearly beloved son of Mr. and Mrs. S. T. McCarthy, aged 14 months and 18 days. R.I.P.

* * * The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings for each announcement.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING OCT. 20.

SUNDAY, OCT. 14.

Twenty-first Sunday after Trinity. St. Paul's Cathedral, 10.30 a.m., Morning Lessons: Dan iii.; Col. iii. 1-18. Evening Lessons: Dan. iv. or v.; Luke xi. 29. Westminster Abbey, 10 a.m., Rev. S. Flood Jones, Precentor; 3 p.m., Rev. Canon C. W. Furse. Whitehall, 11 a.m. and 3 p.m., Rev. W. F. Erskine Knollys.

MONDAY, OCT. 15.

Prince Alfred of Edinburgh b. 1874. Aristotelian Society, 7.30 p.m., addressed by Mr. S. H. Hodgson (the President). National Exhibition and Market opened, Agricultural Hall.

TUESDAY, OCT. 16.

Full moon, 6.45 a.m.; partially eclipsed, 5.59 a.m. Evangelical Alliance, annual conference at Norwich (three days).

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 17.

The Duchess of Edinburgh b. 1853. Dialectical Society, 8 p.m.—Mr. J. L. Fox-hunting begins. Parliamentary Reform Conference at Leeds (two days).

THURSDAY, OCT. 18.

St. Luke, Evangelist. Toxophilite Society: extra target. Friday, Oct. 19.—Wolverhampton Poultry and Dog Show (three days). SATURDAY, OCT. 20.—Battle of Navarino; the independence of Greece assured by the destruction of the Turkish fleet, 1827.

THE WEATHER.

RESULTS OF METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS AT THE KEW OBSERVATORY OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

Lat. 51° 28' 6" N.; Long. 0° 18' 47" W. Height above Sea, 34 feet.

DAY.	DAILY MEANS OF					THERMOM.	WIND.	Inches. °	In.
	Barometer Corrected	Temperature of the Air.	Dew Point.	Relative Humidity.	Amount of Cloud.				
October	29.412	49° 3	45° 1	87	9	55° 6	N.	350	0° 155
	29.778	48° 7	38° 5	70	6	53° 8	N.	341	0° 035
	29.960	47° 8	38° 0	72	5	53° 0	NNW.	251	0° 070
	29.474	44° 9	42° 5	92	6	49° 2	42° 0	216	0° 215
	29.675	49° 2	40° 9	75	7	53° 5	41° 1	492	0° 000
	30.069	49° 0	40° 5	75	6	51° 6	45° 0	224	0° 140
	30.261	48° 3	42° 2	81	3	56° 3	41° 0	209	0° 005*

* Dew.

The following are the readings of the meteorological instruments for the above days, in order, at ten o'clock a.m.:—

Barometer (in inches) corrected	29.317	29.723	29.988	29.635	29.495	30.092	29.195
Temperature of Air	61° 22'	50° 02'	48° 6	47° 8	51° 6	50° 0	53° 2
Temperature of Evaporation	48° 9	45° 4	43° 2	46° 6	46° 6	43° 6	45° 6
Direction of Wind	N.	N.	N.	W.	N.	N.	NNE.

THE BRIGHTON SEASON.—Frequent Trains from Victoria and London Bridge. Also Trains in connection from Kensington and Liverpool-street.

Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available for eight days. Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Tickets at cheap rates, available to travel by all Trains between London and Brighton.

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Powerful Paddle Steamers, with excellent Cabins, &c.

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TICKETS and every information at the Brighton Company's West-End General Offices, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar-square; City Office, Hay's Agency, Cornhill; Cook's Office, Ludgate-circus; also at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations.

(By order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

Patron—Her Most Gracious Majesty the QUEEN.

President—His Royal Highness the Prince of WALES, K.G.

INTERNATIONAL FISHERIES EXHIBITION.

LARGEST FISHERIES EXHIBITION EVER HELD.—WILL CLOSE, OCT. 31.

Open Daily, from Nine a.m. to Ten p.m., except Wednesday and Saturday, when doors are open from Ten a.m. to Eleven p.m. respectively.

BRILLIANT ILLUMINATION of the Exhibition and Grounds by the ELECTRIC LIGHT every evening. Lighting power one million candles.

The Full Band of the GRENADIER GUARDS, under the direction of Mr. Dan Godfrey, will perform a Grand Selection of Music of the best Composers Daily from 3.30 to 9.45 p.m.

Admission 1s., on every weekday, except Wednesday, when it is 2s. 6d. Season Tickets, One Guinea.

EVENING FETES.

On EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY until further notice the Exhibition will be open until Eleven p.m. The Band will play till 10.45. Special FETES will be held, and the Grounds brilliantly illuminated, under the management of Mr. James Linn, as on the occasion of the Royal Fête on July 18.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DOKE'S Last Great PICTURE, completed a few days before he died, NOW on VIEW at the DOME GALLERY, 35, New Bond-street, with his other great pictures. Ten to Six Daily. 1s.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

Triumphant success of the

MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS', NEW ENTERTAINMENT.

The new and beautiful songs, and the new comic sketches of

THE CHARLESTOWN BLUES, SINGING IN THE SALVATION ARMY, and

THE RAIN OF TERROR, with its startling atmospheric effects, applauded to the echo.

EVERY NIGHT, AT EIGHT.

MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY, AT THREE and EIGHT.

Omnibuses run from the Fisheries Exhibition direct to the doors of St. James's Hall.

COURT THEATRE, Sloane-square.—Lessees and Managers, Mr. John Clayton and Mr. Arthur Cecil.—EVERY EVENING, at Eight, a New Play, entitled THE MILLIONAIRE, by G. W. Godfrey, Author of "The Parvenu," &c., will be acted by Mrs. John Wood, Mrs. Beerbohm-tree, Miss H. Lindley, and Miss Marion Terry; Mr. Arthur Cecil, Mr. Mackintosh, Mr. Charles Sugden, and Mr. John Clayton. Box-offices open, Eleven till Five. No fees. Doors open at 7.45. MORNING PERFORMANCES OF THE MILLIONAIRE on SATURDAYS, Oct. 20 and 27, at 2.30.

M. R. and Mrs. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT, at ST. GEORGE'S HALL, LANGHAM-PLACE.—Managers, Messrs. Alfred Reed and Corney Grain—TREASURE TROVE, by Arthur Law, Music by Alfred J. Caldwell; and Mr. Corney Grain's Musical Sketch, OUR MESS; last representations, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at Eight; Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at 8.30, 8s. and 1s.; Admission, 2s. and 1s.; Mr. Corney Grain will shortly produce a new Musical Sketch, entitled "On the Thames."

WILL BE READY SHORTLY,

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON ALMANACK

FOR 1884

CONTAINING

SIX COLOURED PICTURES,

PRINTED BY LEIGHTON BROTHERS' CHROMATIC PROCESS;

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PRICE ONE SHILLING; INLAND POSTAGE, 2d.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

LONDON: SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1883.

It is possible that before the 24th of this month, when the French Chambers reassemble, the political atmosphere may become clearer, and M. Jules Ferry be still "master of the situation." Apparently the Spanish incident is closed, owing, it is thought, to the quiet intervention of Prince Bismarck, the recognised guardian of the peace of Europe. Happily for all parties, a scapegoat was found in the person of General Thibaudin. That somewhat imperious officer is out of favour, except among the Extreme Left and the Paris democracy. The late Minister of War, though disliked by his colleagues and contemned at Berlin, was considered to have done the State some service by roughly cashiering the Orleanist Princes, and otherwise weeding the Army. But his negligence to take proper military measures to protect King Alfonso, and his marked absence from the railway station on the arrival of his Majesty, were a good excuse for turning out the obnoxious Minister. Though the General declined to retire, President Grévy, who found it was the only convenient way of avoiding a serious crisis, demanded his resignation, which Spain accepts as an *amende honorable* for the outrage upon its Sovereign. Worse even than the bitterness of feeling that will survive between the two countries is the revelation of the renewed ascendancy acquired in Paris by the mob, which has seriously damaged the prestige of the Republic.

It is, nevertheless, clear that M. Ferry has a strong will, which counts for much among our mercurial neighbours. The President cannot do without him—hence General Thibaudin's dismissal—and fortune seems for the moment to favour the bold Premier. He has abandoned all attempts to bring to terms the immovable Chinese Government; and M. Harmand, the French Commissioner in Tonquin, has won over to his side those free lances who, under the name of Black Flags, have heretofore arrested the advance of the French troops. By their connivance Admiral Courbet, who succeeded General Bouet in the chief command, has been enabled to take possession of Sontay. It is possible that, by help of the large reinforcements at his command, the Commander-in-Chief may in a short time conquer Tonquin. But, if it be true that a body of Chinese regulars have also been defeated, the conflict assumes an entirely new aspect. Possibly the Government of Pekin may accept the inevitable, and agree to a compromise. If, however, it is determined to defend its rights in that province, the natural result would be a declaration of war against France. That momentous decision would be disastrous to British commerce in the Chinese Seas, and a menace to Europeans at the treaty ports. M. Ferry and his colleagues perhaps fear no such issues; but they seem to be playing with fire, which may consume themselves and bring humiliation on France.

Sir Stafford Northcote, recruited as far as was possible by his yachting cruise under somewhat adverse atmospheric conditions, has been spending a week in Ulster. Of the warmth of his reception there can be no doubt. The fiery Orangemen of the North have revelled in a series of political demonstrations in honour of the statesman whom the Duke of Abercorn has taken pains to describe, not as the leader of the Conservative party, but as their vehement chief in the House of Commons. Why did not Lord Salisbury, whose heedless rhetoric would have so well suited that meridian, accompany his colleague? In his addresses at Belfast and elsewhere Sir Stafford has been fluent, cautious, and reticent, and has, of course, failed to excite much popular enthusiasm. But the wisdom of his tactics is obvious. A fiery orator, like Mr. Gibson, might easily have aroused the fanaticism of the men of the "Black North." His leader dexterously reconciled party objects with national sentiments. When Sir Stafford dwelt upon the enterprise, wealth, and prosperity of Ulster, and compared the intelligence and preponderating numbers of the Protestant population with their meagre representation in the Imperial Parliament, he not only flattered the pride of his hearers, but adduced very powerful arguments in favour of the Union. It has been too much overlooked in recent controversies that Ulster, the most important province of Ireland, is strongly in favour of the English connexion and would resolutely fight to preserve it. Although, owing to special circumstances, the county of Monaghan recently returned a Nationalist, the whole drift of opinion among the northern farmers and other

classes is vehemently opposed to the repeal policy of Mr. Parnell and his adherents, who have lately invaded Ulster, and have been driven away with ignominy. In pointing out the inequality of representation in Ireland and urging the equitable claims of that province, Sir Stafford was, no doubt, playing with a double-edged weapon, that will hereafter be turned against himself. Nevertheless, the fact remains that the constituencies which return Parnellites are not to be compared in size and influence with those of Ulster. But the same argument that has cogency in reference to such a redistribution of seats in Ireland as would legitimately curtail the number of Nationalist members may also be applied in England.

There is as yet no conclusive evidence whether or not the Government intend to grapple with the county franchise question next Session. The Cabinet does not meet till November, and its members will, no doubt, watch the drift of public opinion during the interval, and see what comes of the great Reform Conference to be held at Leeds next week under Mr. Bright's auspices. Mr. Hibbert, M.P., at a meeting of Poor Law Guardians held at Manchester the other day, said he had no doubt bills would be brought in next year relative to the local government of the country generally, and the counties in particular. The hon. member, although not a Cabinet Minister, is secretary of the Local Government Board, upon which would probably devolve the preparation of such measures. But apart from this undecided question of precedence next Session, Mr. Hibbert was able to congratulate the country upon the decrease of pauperism. In 1872 the cost of the poor was at the rate of about 7s. per head of the population; in 1882 it had fallen to 6s. 4d. per head. The adult able-bodied poor are less by about 50,000 than was the case ten years ago, and the cost of outdoor relief has diminished by nearly a million sterling. This gratifying improvement in our social condition is accounted for by the better habits of thrift among the working classes, and the rapid spread of temperance, which, while substantially affecting the revenue, is also reducing pauperism. A fairly good harvest both in England and Ireland, and the healthy condition of trade, in spite of some recent heavy failures, holds out the prospect of a continuance of national prosperity, and a further decrease of distress and crime.

The Social Science Congress, which has had a week of deliberation, unquestionably helps to lay bare the seamy side of society. Hence its discussions are more profitable than pleasing. If it be true that the knowledge of a disease is half its remedy, we gain immensely by such painful inquiries into the blots on our social system as have been carried on at Huddersfield under the auspices of Sir R. Temple. At one of the sectional meetings much was said as to the baneful effects of the competitive system in the training of the young; but how this educational stimulus is to be dispensed with is not so clear. What are technically called "exams" produce the most varied results. To condemn them as universally injurious is to fall into the blunder of the Dean of Bangor, who has lately entered upon a crusade against tea-drinking, and thereby laid himself open to the frowns of the better half of creation.

Another subject of keen interest discussed at Huddersfield was the repression of crime. It was introduced by Mr. Howard Vincent, whose experience as Director of Criminal Investigations entitles his views on so complex a problem to great consideration. It is truly disheartening to hear that every year one person out of every thirty-six of the population gets into trouble with the police, though there is the consoling fact that serious crimes are steadily on the decrease. Those who grumble at the burden of School Board rates ought never to forget that Great Britain pays no less

ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

The *Times* has given publicity to the pleasant circumstance that on Sunday evening last Mr. Henry Irving entertained at the Garrick Club a large number of his personal friends, in order to bid them farewell prior to his departure for America. On the following Tuesday Mr. Irving went to Lord Derby's, at Knowsley, there to meet and bid good-bye to Mr. Gladstone. I am afraid that at the Garrick dinner there were some guests who pursue the vocation of dramatic critics; and it is also with pain and remorse that I have to admit that the menu comprised not only clear turtle and roast pheasant, but also that "chicken and champagne" which so vexed the virtuous soul of Mr. Mowbray Morris.

Pain, however, is assuaged and remorse diminished by the reflection that Mr. John Lawrence Toole is not a dramatic critic; and that the thankless office in question is not discharged by the Queen's Remembrancer, by the Chairman of the Surrey Sessions, by the Town Clerk of the Corporation of London, and by some fifty more guests, including an eminent physician, the Chairman of a Dock Company, a great railway contractor, the perennial Chevalier Wikoff, and dear old Walter Lacy, the long-retired but yet blooming comedian. I suppose that an actor who is also a manager, and, in addition, a very good fellow, may be permitted to have some personal friends, and to entertain how and when he chooses. It is a dinner-giving age; and if a manager, who is also my friend, asks me to dinner, I ask him back in due course, and give him plenty of chicken and champagne; the interchange of which harmless and humanising courtesies has not prevented, does not, and will not in the future prevent, my "pitching into" my friend the actor-manager, his company, and the plays which he produces, when I have thought it my duty to do so in another column of this journal.

Henry Irving is by this time on the sea. He will have a triumphant reception in New York, and he will draw crowded houses wherever he goes. On the other hand, he must make up his mind to suffer a considerable amount of discomfort from the criticisms of the American press. Of adverse criticism of his performances he must expect a liberal supply. Some of the critiques will be just, others unjust, and some simply abusive. For the rest, I may venture to counsel him to give the "interviewers" the largest scope and verge that it is within the resources of his leisure to bestow on them. My remembrance of the American interviewers are of an extremely pleasant nature. I adopted one simple line of policy in dealing with these gentlemen. I always asked interviewer Number One as many questions as I could touching men and things in the United States. I treasured up his replies, and repeated them as spontaneous information to interviewer Number Two, whose answers to my further questions I voluntarily transmitted for publication to interviewer Number Three. This system of "decanting," if I may call it so, led to my getting "a little mixed" with regard to politics; but, on the whole, it answered admirably.

The Distressed Compiler of this page presents his compliments to "T. C." (Red Hill), and begs to inform him that he does not know whether it was in August or September, 1825, that the Russian Fleet made its appearance at Spithead. If "T. C." will write to the editor of the *Quarterly Review*—or try *Sylvia's Journal*—he may, perhaps, obtain the information which he desires. Confound the Russian Fleet!

I have received several communications relative to the latter years of Mr. Barry O'Meara, sometime a surgeon in the Royal Navy, medical attendant to Napoleon at Longwood, and author of the "Voice from St. Helena." One correspondent, quoting an Encyclopædia which has not come in my way, makes the odd statement that O'Meara "joined the English Army as an assistant-surgeon in his eighteenth year; was disgraced in 1818; but entered the Navy, where he served with credit." But O'Meara was a naval surgeon in 1815, when he was attached to the person of Napoleon; and it was from the Navy, not the Army, that, in 1818, he was dismissed by the Lords of the Admiralty. The letter of dismissal, signed by John Wilson Croker, Secretary of the Admiralty, is printed in *extenso* in Mr. Forsyth's "History of the Captivity of Napoleon." O'Meara published his "Voice from St. Helena" in 1822, Napoleon being then dead. Five editions of the work were sold; but it was not until the end of Hilary Term that the Solicitor-General, Sir John Copley, applied to the Court of King's Bench, on the part of Sir Hudson Lowe, for a criminal information against Barry Edward O'Meara for libel. A rule *nisi* was granted; but the Court held the application to have been made too late, and refused to make the rule absolute.

Another correspondent tells me that O'Meara died in Cambridge-terrace, Hyde Park, in June, 1836; that some time before his death he had married a lady possessing considerable property; and that his life closed rather in affluence than in indigence.

At a public meeting of operatives at Stepney-green, under the chairmanship of the Rev. G. S. Reamer, the object of which seemed to be to find an answer to the question, "Why are we all hard up," and which appears to have been in some measure under the auspices of a mysterious body called the Executive Committee of the Democratic Confederation, the chairman put to the vote the following resolution:—

That the meeting was of opinion that it is the duty of Government to organise public works of relief of present distress, with reduction of hours of work of Government servants and the colonisation of home lands.

In opposition to the resolution one hand only was held up, and so the motion was declared duly carried. I am old enough to remember the Paris National Workshops (the labour in which comprised a good deal of skittle-playing and a great deal of pure loafing), and Louis Blanc's Labour Conferences at the Luxembourg in 1848. I scarcely think that the "Ateliers Nationaux" lived a prosperous life or made a happy ending. I think that they were, generally speaking, a dismal failure.

The Dean of Bangor, speaking at a meeting held in

furtherance of the establishment of courses of instruction in practical cookery in elementary schools, has taken up his parable against excessive tea-drinking. The very reverend gentleman holds that oatmeal and milk produce "strong, hearty, good-tempered men and women," whereas inordinate tea-drinking "creates a generation of nervous, discontented people, who are for ever complaining of the existing order of the universe, scolding their neighbours, and sighing after the impossible." More than this, the Dean asserted that tea-drinking "renewed three or four times a day made men and women feel weak; and the result was that the tea-kettle went before the gin-bottle, and the physical and nervous weakness that had its origin in the bad cookery of an ignorant wife ended in ruin, intemperance, and disease." Dear, deary me! And, if you please, Polly, will you put the kettle on? and we'll all have tea.

Tea, in moderation, is Nectar. It is the stay of the hard student, the comfort and solace of solitary and afflicted and neglected women; a cup of tea lightens the labour of the charwoman and the female toiler at the washtub (who works harder for half a crown a day than the majority of male convicts work). "Five o'clock tea" in Society is the most delightful period of the day. It encourages polite conversation and the eating of plum-cake; and so long as an elderly gentleman can eat plum-cake with impunity (I always have a cup of tea and a slice of cake at five p.m., when they "turn" the column of a leading article capitally) he may make himself tolerably sure on two points: first, that his digestive powers are not wholly impaired, and, next, that his moral consciousness has not wholly vanished. My mind is not equal to the conception of an irreclaimably wicked person who could enjoy a cup of tea and a slice of cake at five p.m.

Has the Dean of Bangor been reading Cobbett against tea-drinking? Nearly sixty years have passed since the Contentious Man inveighed, in his "Cottage Economy," against tea-drinking. "I view," he wrote, "tea-drinking as a destroyer of health, an enfeebler of the frame, an engenderer of effeminacy and laziness, a debaucher of youth, and a maker of misery for old age." The furious publicist proposed to put tea to the test with a lean hog. "Give him fifteen bushels of malt, and he will repay you in ten score of bacon or thereabout. But give him seven hundred and thirty tea messes, or rather begin to give them to him, and give him nothing else, and he is dead with hunger, and bequeaths you his skeleton at the end of about seven days." Polly, put the kettle on.

The earliest medical opinion that I can find on tea is that of Dr. Salmon, whose "Family Dictionary," published in 1712, I cited a week or so since. He spells it "Thee," and warmly recommends it as a remedy for gout and dropsies. But the latter part of his eulogium is somewhat alarming, from the Adulteration of Food point of view.

Our English Thee, which is only sloe-leaves gathered in May whilst they are young, answer all the ends of the Indian Thee, having the same colour, taste, and smell; nor can the Wisest Man distinguish between the form of the leaves when both are scalded, so as to know the East Indian from the English; the shape, magnitude, edging, and colour of each leaf being exactly the same; and therefore I commend our English Sloe Leaves in the place of the Indian Thee.

There is something very pretty and tender in the idea of a National Apple Congress; and I read with much sympathy that an informal conference on the culture of apples, together with a most interesting exhibition of specimens of the fruit, was opened a few days since in the viney of the Royal Horticultural Society at Chiswick. Altogether, about eight thousand plates of apples, with from four to six specimens in each plate, were shown; and of this number over one thousand came from Scotland. The county of Kent was of course the largest English contributor; but there were no apples at all from Northumberland, Cumberland, Rutland, Suffolk, and Cornwall. One hundred and sixty sorts of apples were forwarded from the gardens of her Majesty the Queen at Frogmore.

Mem.: Next to honey-bee lore, there are few branches of desultory study so fascinating as apple-lore. It is always quaint, and picturesque, and fanciful. My chief favourite in old Quarles's "Emblems" has always been the dialogue between Eve and the Serpent, beginning—

Not eat? not taste? not touch? not eat an eye
Upon the fruit of this fair tree? and why?

But the catastrophe:—

Eve. 'Tis but an apple, and it is as good
To do as to desire. Fruit's made for food.
I'll pull and taste, and tempt my Adam too
To know the secrets of this dainty.

Serpent. Dot!

The "Do!" is inimitable.

The excellence of North American apples has long been universally admitted; but the English colonists beyond the Atlantic seem to have been considerably indebted to their French rivals as exemplars in pomology. In the "Historical Records of the Forty-third Regiment or Monmouthshire Light Infantry," compiled by Sir Richard Levinge, I read that, in 1757, when the Forty-Third were holding the fortified position of Annapolis Royal, in Acadia, or Nova Scotia—

Men off duty were dispatched to the carefully planted French orchards to lay in apples. Two captains, two ensigns, also volunteered under an armed party of fifty. An advanced guard felt the way. The armed men were ranged so as to prevent surprise, while the others filled hampers, sacks, and baskets. The fine fruit proved no small luxury to poor fellows so long rationed on salt provisions, minus vegetables. Subsequent raids proved equally successful.

But, apart from the question of victualling, how the gallant Forty-Third must have enjoyed stealing the apples! The Child is father of the Man; and it must have been almost as good fun to raid orchards in Acadia at the risk of being shot as it used to be in the old schoolboy days in England to loot the pippins at the risk of the appearance of Farmer Clodpole with his long whip, or of a disagreeable interview with Dr. Swishem on returning to the Groves of Academe.

Referring to scholastic matters, here is a monstrous potsher going on about the legality or otherwise of School Board managers and teachers insisting that school children shall study evening lessons at home, in order, I suppose, that they may be ready to repeat them in school the next morning. "Counsel's opinion," I learn, has been obtained on this vexed question, and what is called a "test" case has been brought before the magistrates at Bradford in Yorkshire. A Board School boy was directed to learn home lessons. He refused to do so; whereon the schoolmaster caned him and kept him in. Then the boy's father summoned the master for illegally imprisoning and assaulting his child. The Bench at Bradford very properly dismissed the summons; but "the parties," it is said, are discontented with the magisterial decision, and intend to appeal. To Quarter Sessions, or to the House of Lords?

For how many hundreds of years, I wonder, have school children been expected to do "home lessons" in the evening? I have not the slightest doubt that when at eventide Wordsworth's Little Maid took her porringer into the churchyard, where her brother and sister lay "beneath the churchyard tree," she conned her next day's lesson even as she ate her supper. Where is it that I have seen a charming little picture called "The Forgotten Word"? It is of a small girl learning her next day's lesson at a cottage door. She has almost got her task by heart; but there is one refractory word that will persist in sliding away and burrowing out of sight like a rabbit. When we were boys, did we not have evening lessons—and desperately hard ones, too?

I cannot help thinking that this stir about home lessons springs from the hatred of the spread of education latent not only among a section (a diminishing one, I am glad to believe) of the working classes, but also among people who ought to know a great deal better. In the recent "Our Boys" discussion there was a large proportion of parents who bitterly complained that Board School boys were being so well educated that they were beginning to compete with middle class boys for clerkships and other sedentary occupations. On the other hand, vast numbers of the poor absolutely loathe education, first, because it is compulsory; and next, because, under the Education Acts, they cannot utilise their children (especially the girls) as domestic drudges to the extent which they were formerly able to do.

Still, it is true that in these latter days of Freedom and Self-Government we feel and hear a great deal more about "compulsion" than is generally agreeable. At the Social Science Congress a paper was read by a gentleman from Leeds, who maintained that "compulsory art-galleries were necessary to the development of the nation." The gentleman also urged that the Free Libraries Act should be made compulsory, and not optional; and that the clauses in the Act enabling corporate bodies to elect representative men to serve on committees should also be made compulsory. But suppose the "representative men" declined to serve on the committees, and bade the corporate bodies go to Jericho? In the old days of Austrian domination in Lombardy, when a *primo tenore* or a *prima donna* at the Theatre of La Scala proved refractory the police were accustomed to make short work of the offender. He or she was clapped up in the prison of Santa Margherita; and at night time the recalcitrant artist was marched between two gendarmes to the Scala, "run on" to the stage, compelled to perform his or her part, and then marched back again to jail, with a hint that, in case of continued disaffection, it might become expedient to administer a dose of the Austrian stick. Imagine a "representative man" being marched, handcuffed, between two warders, to the meeting of an Art Committee, and at the rising of that body, his being marched back to jail to pick the festive oakum or turn the cheery crank! That is what we seem to be coming to in this Land of Liberty.

A learned correspondent, "A. W. T.," seeks some information touching an expression in Thomas Heywood's "Appendix of London Cries (1608)"—"Buy a Fine Mouse-trap, or a Tormentor for your fleas." The same cry occurs in a broadside of 1662 preserved in the Roxburghe Ballads—"Buy a mousetrap and torment for your fleas." Can anyone tell me aught about these flea-traps, if traps they were? The old herbals make mention of "flea wort," and "flea bane"; and there is a plant called "tormentil" or septfoil, the active principle of which is tannic acid. Are fleas averse from tannic acid?

Another correspondent is anxious to learn, not the meaning but the derivation of the term "pony" in the technology of card-playing. Now in "Hoyle's Games" the person who collects and shuffled the cards for the dealer is called not the "pony," but the "pone," and by some authorities it has been held that "pone" is the Latin *pone*, behind, after, and that the "pone" is so called because he is behind or after the dealer. Others maintain that "pone" comes from the Italian *pone*, place or set, imperative mood of the verb *ponere* or *porre*: the "pone" placing the cards in the hands of the dealer or banker, or setting them before him. Thirdly, there are those who contend that "pone" is only a corruption of the French *puiné*, junior, cadet—the "pone" being the younger hand.

"J. B." (Killarney) writes to ask me if I can inform him where in London he could procure "one of those commemoration jugs or mugs made at the coronation of the Czar." Anything else, kind Sir? A rugged Russian bear, or a sheepskin *touloupe*, or a *balalaika* or an *ikon* of St. Alexander Nevskoi. Mr. Mortlock, "at the Sign of the Pitcher," in Orchard-street, might be able to oblige him. My correspondent adds that he has a copy of John Evelyn's "Whole Body of Ancient and Modern Architecture," published in 1680, and that, if I would like the loan of it, he will send the book by parcels post. I do not know where, if anywhere, the Moscow coronation jugs can be obtained in London; and I passionately abjure, implore, and entreat not only "J. B.," but all my correspondents, not to "loan" me books by parcels post or otherwise. A book that does not belong to you is not an Angel but a Demon in the house, and the cause of heartburning, bitterness, and strife. As it is, I have a copy of Dickens's "Hunted Down," and at least three copies of "The Whole Duty of Man," of which I have been for months vainly endeavouring to find the owners. Will they be so good as to come forward?

G. A. S.



1. Arrival at Slough: Presenting Address of the Local Board.
3. The Duke Planting a Tree. 4. Three Cheers for Her Majesty.

2. The Duke of Buckingham declaring Burnham Beeches Free.
5. The Civic Procession leaving on their road to Eton.

DEDICATION OF BURNHAM BEECHES TO THE PUBLIC.



THE MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE, THE NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA.

THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA.

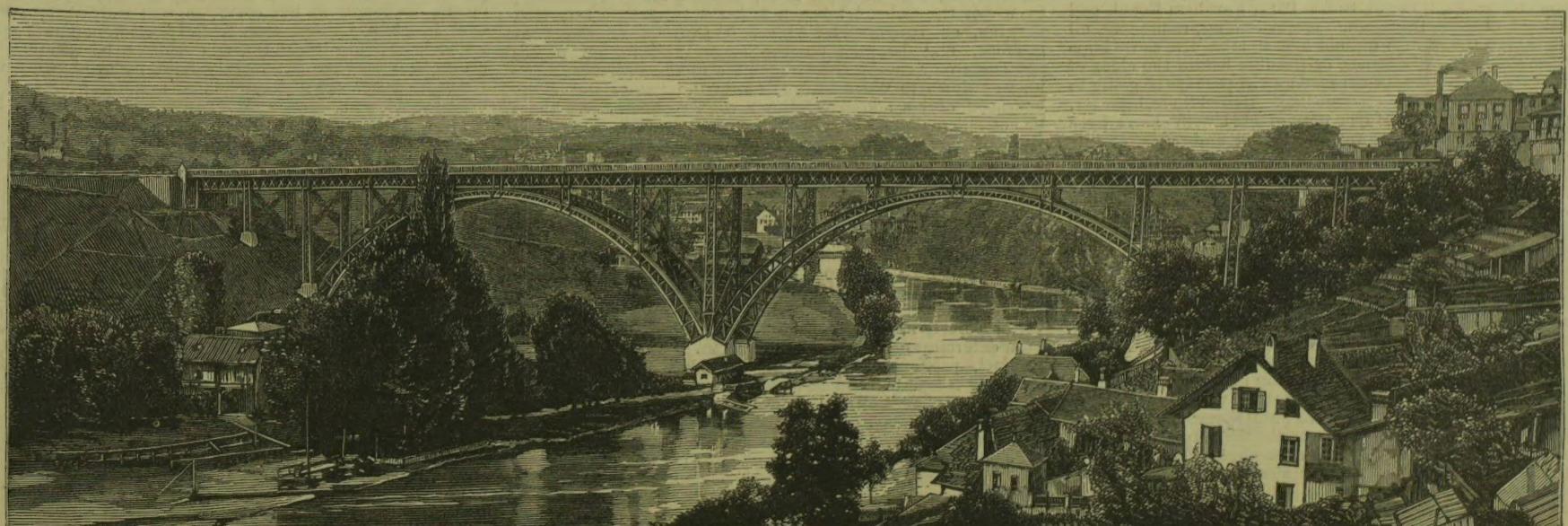
The Marquis of Lorne, with Princess Louise, being about to leave Canada, at the termination of his Excellency's period of service as Governor-General, he is succeeded by the Marquis of Lansdowne, whose Portrait appears in this week's publication. The Right Hon. Henry Charles Keith Petty Fitzmaurice, Marquis of Lansdowne, is the elder son of Henry, fourth Marquis, K.G., by marriage with the Hon. Emily Jane, in her own right Baroness Nairne, and was born in 1845. He was educated at Eton, and at Balliol College, Oxford, and was formerly a Captain in the Wilts Yeomanry Cavalry. He succeeded

his father in the Marquisate and other titles in 1866. Lord Lansdowne was a Lord of the Treasury from 1868 to 1872, and Under-Secretary for War from the latter date till 1874. He was appointed Under-Secretary for India when Mr. Gladstone took office again in 1880, but retired two months afterwards, owing to a disagreement with the Irish policy of the Government. He is a magistrate for Wiltshire and also for the county of Kerry. His Lordship married, in 1869, Lady Maud Evelyn Hamilton, youngest daughter of the Duke of Abercorn.

The Fisheries Exhibition will be closed on the 31st inst. Prizes to the amount of £3300 will be bestowed.

THE NEW BRIDGE AT BERNE.

A high-level bridge, crossing the river Aar, and connecting the existing town of Berne (the capital of Switzerland) with the district known as the Kirchenfeld-Lindenfeld, was opened, with much ceremony, on Monday week. A series of processions and fêtes had been arranged, in which the Bernese authorities took part, and the bridge and the town were decorated and illuminated. The land thus connected with the old town of Berne has been acquired by an English company. It comprises about two hundred acres, and commands magnificent views of the Bernese Oberland. The site is laid out



NEW BRIDGE OVER THE AAR, AT BERNE, SWITZERLAND.

for building purposes, and is shown to the right hand in our View of the new bridge, which has been constructed for the "Berne Land Company" of London, at a cost of £50,000, by Messrs. G. Ott and Co., engineers, of Berne. It crosses the river at a height of 128 ft.; the length of the bridge is 754 ft.; and its width, 44 ft. 6 in. The Company has also expended £12,000 in laying out the ground of Kirchenfeld-Lindenfeld, making fine roads and promenades, and planting avenues of trees. Sir Charles Clifford, Chairman of the Company, and Messrs. W. S. Grahame and Philip Vanderbyl, Directors, formally handed over the custody of the new bridge to the Burgo-master and civic authorities of Berne. Appropriate speeches were made upon this occasion, followed by a banquet and other entertainments in the town.

THE KING OF SPAIN IN UHLAN UNIFORM.

The customary etiquette of Continental Royalty has long prescribed the acceptance, by Kings and Princes, of military rank in the Armies of foreign Sovereigns, offered simply as a personal compliment, and without any idea of a political alliance in view of the possibilities of future war. It was, of course, only in this manner that Alfonso XII. of Spain, when he recently visited the Emperor of Germany, and was a spectator, with the English Princes and others, of the Army manœuvres near Homburg, received the nominal commission of a Colonel of Uhlans or light cavalry. Our Illustration shows his Majesty wearing this uniform; but we believe that there could not be the least intention of giving offence or alarm to the French, although it happened, rather unfortunately, that the Uhlan regiment to which his name was attached is one of those forming part in the garrison of Strasburg. The perverse ingenuity of certain reckless and mischievous writers in the Press of Paris immediately set to work upon this trivial occasion, and persuaded many ignorant people that it was a patent token of an intended hostile league between Germany and Spain to overawe France with the menace of a combined attack. It was doubtless remembered that, in 1870, the proposed nomination of a German Prince, one of the Hohenzollern family, to occupy the Spanish throne which was then vacant, had been resented by the Government of Napoleon III., so as to become the pretext for the memorable war that ensued; and the French statesmen of that period, including M. Thiers, are responsible for having then fostered the notion of danger to their country from the offensive alliance of Spain with Germany, which is still one of the schemes ascribed by some French politicians to their great enemy, Prince Bismarck. The influence of such distorted apprehensions must be allowed to have mainly contributed to that disgraceful outrage, the hissing and hooting of the King of Spain in the streets of Paris, which is sincerely deplored by all respectable Frenchmen of every party, and for which the Government of the French Republic has frankly made amends. It is well that King Alfonso, whose frank and generous behaviour is universally admired, and who gracefully accepted the courteous apologies and hospitalities of President Grevy before quitting Paris, should have been welcomed on his return to Madrid with an enthusiastic demonstration of loyalty and personal regard by all classes of his subjects. It is only to be hoped that Spanish pride and punctiliousness will not exaggerate the significance of this disagreeable incident, which was probably the act of a comparatively small number of persons, and which is of a kind obviously difficult for the police authorities to prevent. When foreign Kings, or even great and powerful Emperors, drive in an open carriage through the crowded streets of populous cities, a gang of shameless conspirators against public decency, posted at a convenient place, can easily get up a hiss, as is sometimes done at the theatres. It was not the voice of Paris, and far less that of the French nation.

DEDICATION OF BURNHAM BEECHES.

The celebrated piece of ancient woodland wilderness four miles north of Slough, in the shire of Bucks, where a remnant of the Chiltern "forest primeval" which Mr. Vernon Heath has photographed, as shown in our Illustrations last week, still exists in the old pollarded beeches described by Gray in 1737, has been "dedicated" to the public enjoyment. This is a proof that the Corporation of the City of London, who have purchased the land through the intermediate ownership and liberal assistance of Sir Henry Peck, are not entirely devoid of taste, in spite of the Griffin at Temple Bar; and they deserved to have had finer weather than that of Wednesday week for their rural jaunt, accompanied by the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, Lord Lieutenant of the County, to perform the opening ceremonial. It is a half-hour's railway journey from Paddington to Slough, where the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, the City Chamberlain, the Town Clerk, the Remembrancer, and the members of the Corn, Coal, and Finance Committee (who find money to pay for such public boons from the metropolitan taxation of corn and coal), met his Grace the Duke of Buckingham at half-past twelve o'clock. They were attired in the robes of their civic dignities, while he appeared in the scarlet uniform of a Lord Lieutenant. The Local Board of Slough, headed by Mr. Hartopp Nash, the Chairman, presented an address. The Lady Mayoress received a bouquet from one of the young ladies who are pupils of the British Orphan Asylum there. The Lord Mayor and the other City officials, in their State carriages, with the Duke of Buckingham, proceeded to Burnham Beeches, through Stoke Park, Farnham Royal, and the village of East Burnham. It was raining, unhappily, all the time, and the scenery did not look so attractive as we hope it will some day next summer, or possibly before the close of this autumn, when some of our readers will perhaps be going to see what the Burnham Beeches are like. Arrived there, however, the Duke and the Lord Mayor were greeted with cheers by a crowd of people standing under dripping umbrellas, and by the strains of a military band. The Bucks Yeomanry and the Bucks Rifle Volunteers formed an escort and guard of honour. Addresses were here presented by the Mayor of High Wycombe, Mr. A. Vernon, and the Mayor of Maidenhead, Mr. W. B. Farre, to the Lord Mayor of London, when he had alighted from his carriage. His Lordship replied, saying that he was glad to meet them, "and absolved them, as local authorities, of all blame for the state of the weather." We believe, indeed, that the site of Burnham Beeches is not strictly within the borough jurisdiction either of High Wycombe or Maidenhead, but it lies not far from those respectable little country towns. The Lord Mayor referred with satisfaction to the recent acts of the City Corporation in securing agreeable open rural places of popular recreation to the east and to the south of London—namely, Epping Forest and Coulsdon Common; he had now come far to the west, for a similar act in the preservation of Burnham Beeches. He invited the noble Lord Lieutenant of Buckinghamshire to declare this piece of ground freely open to the public for ever. The Duke of Buckingham complied with much pleasure, giving a brief account of the history of this and other tracts of common or forest land in the county, some parts of which had already been converted into private property by the mistaken legislation

of Parliament. His Grace then declared the formal opening to all her Majesty's subjects, citizens of London and others, of the site of Burnham Beeches, which announcement was hailed with cordial acclamations. The Chairman of the Corn, Coal, and Finance Committee, Mr. Halse, asked leave to name one of the newly made roads "the Duke's Drive;" another is "the Lord Mayor's Drive;" while "the Bedford Drive," and "the Halse Drive," commemorate the names of two leading members of the Corporation. The Duke was then presented with an elegant spade, and used this implement to plant a young beech-tree, provided by Messrs. Turner, of Slough, on the spot where the ceremonial had taken place, which was marked by flags suspended from a line between standard poles. Our Illustrations of these proceedings conclude with the departure of the civic procession for Eton, where the Lord Mayor, the Duke of Buckingham, and others of the company, partook of luncheon, by the Provost's courtesy, in the hall of Eton College. While we commend the care of the municipal authorities in the preservation of the few remaining pieces of woodland scenery within a moderate distance of London, we could wish that something more were done in the way of planting trees nearer home, especially on Hampstead Heath, which is under the management of the Metropolitan Board of Works. A few hundred well-chosen saplings, skilfully grouped, now set in the western part of the Heath, would hereafter become the noblest ornament of North-West London, a sight of beauty and of joy to the eyes of a future generation.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

Everybody knows the story of the shield that had one side of gold and the other side of silver; and one is reminded of the old apologue in reading the curiously varying criticisms on new plays. Critics differ considerably among themselves concerning the merits of new books and new pictures; but when "the play's the thing" to be examined the divergence of critical opinion becomes positively inter-polar in its wideness.

Take, for example, Messrs. G. R. Sims and H. Pettitt's new and original five-act drama of "In the Ranks," which was produced with brilliant success at the Adelphi on Saturday, Oct. 6. On the ensuing Monday I read in one notice of "In the Ranks" in one leading journal, "Few of the characters of the story belong to the category of living men and women. They are all puppets of the stage whose life blood has long since been dried up within them by the footlights." A fine figure of speech: that drying up of the life blood by the footlights. But turning to another leading journal I find this equally remarkable passage: "The minor characters with which Mr. Sims relieves the tempest and stress of his drama are not mere lay figures of the stage, dressed-up dolls and puppets who have served the same purpose times out of number, but flesh-and-blood creatures—types clearly drawn with the master-stroke of a powerful pen." Then, recurring to leading journal number one, I find, "The authors of the melodrama 'In the Ranks' have fallen back on old types and old-fashioned methods familiar to old-fashioned playgoers for forty years and more. Of contemporary observation, which is the very essence of sound melodrama, there is as little in this play as, let us say, in Buckstone's 'Flowers of the Forest.'" And then, turning to leading journal number two, I find it stated that "a warm welcome should gratefully be accorded to all that is fresh, natural, and unconventional in connection with the modern stage;" and that "'In the Ranks' makes the spectator feel the presence of a new influence and a fresh method in the treatment of melodrama." How is a puzzled public to discriminate between such diametrically different opinions? Which of the clever gentlemen is right? My dear readers, *both of the gentlemen are right*: only one looked at the golden and the other at the silver side of the dramatic shield at the Adelphi. "In the Ranks" possesses, to my mind, the three grand essentials to success. Although it is a lengthy play it is never wearisome, and the action of the story is continually moving. In the next place, its more tragic episodes are relieved by a judiciously proportioned humorous element; in the third place, it contains plenty of love-making—good, sound, honest sweethearts. It presents incidents, characters, and speeches, some of which are old, and some new; but the antiquities rather interest than bore you, and the novelties are agreeable surprises of the liveliest description. The plot of "In the Ranks"—which, in the main, is more of a rustic than a military drama, the martial element being incidental only to the two last acts—may be said to be capable of being comprised in a nutshell; but there are nuts and nuts, and the story is rather of the dimensions of a cocoa-nut than of a Barcelona one.

Colonel Wynter, a very wealthy and peppery old country gentleman, who is apparently in the habit of putting a great deal too much curry-powder in his mulligatawny, has an adopted son in one Ned Drayton, the son of a lady who had jilted him (the Colonel) in early life in order to marry a banker, one John Drayton, who, being involved in financial ruin, had been fain to fly with his partner and accomplice, Richard Belton, to Australia, deserting his wife, who speedily died of a broken heart. The forgiving Colonel had promised the poor lady on her death-bed that he would be a protector to her infant child; and he nobly keeps his word. He has brought up Ned royally, keeps him in ignorance of the deplorable antecedents of his papa, and has arranged a neat little scheme for making him his son and heir; the sole condition being that he shall marry a Miss Maud Somebody, in whom the Colonel takes a fatherly interest. But Ned Crayton, or Drayton—he is called Crayton in the programme, and Drayton on the stage—has, for an object not made very clearly comprehensible to the audience, made his way down to Woodstock Farm, in the immediate neighbourhood of his adoptive father's country house, and there he has fallen desperately in love with Ruth, the pretty and virtuous daughter of a rather impecunious farmer, named Herrick; and to this fair damsel he is on the eve of being married when the action of the play begins. Ruth Herrick has a sister, named Barbara, who is secretly affianced to a Captain Holcroft, who has been staying in the neighbourhood on leave of absence. But there now arrives on the scene a certain Gideon Blake, the villain of the piece, who is a distant relative of Colonel Wynter, who has made him his land-steward. Gideon Blake is in love with Ruth Herrick; she disdainfully repels his advances; and the land-steward consequently conceives a lively hatred for his successful rival, Ned Crayton, and determines to compass his ruin. Then arrives the Colonel, passionate and peppery, after the manner of Sir Anthony Absolute; and he unfolds his matrimonial scheme to Ned, who deferentially tells him that the arrangement cannot be carried out, as he has plighted his troth to Ruth, and is about to wed her, as the French say, "incessamment." The Colonel, boiling with rage, not only disinherits and discards his *protégé*, but tells him that he is the son of the fraudulent and absconding bankrupt John Drayton. The irate Colonel then walks off arm-in-arm with his steward, who becomes temporarily master of the situation. Ned has speedily terrible reasons for believing the story of guilt and shame revealed by his incensed benefactor; for a ragged old hop-picker of most

scoundrelly appearance forces himself upon him and informs him that he is his fraudulent and absconding sire returned at the risk of penal servitude for life from the Antipodes. To get rid of this embarrassing acquaintance, Ned gives the hop-picker a rendezvous for that evening in Dingley Wood, promising to hand him a considerable sum of money when he meets him. He does meet him, and does give him the money; but the Colonel passing through the wood, full of forgiving sentiments towards his adopted son, has met the ragged and scoundrelly hop-picker, whom he recognises, not as John Drayton, but as Richard Belton. Drayton has, in fact, been dead a long time, and his papers have been appropriated by the unscrupulous Belton. There is a *mélée* between the keepers and some poachers in Dingley Wood; and Belton improves the occasion to shoot Colonel Wynter, who falls badly but not mortally wounded. Ned Crayton's recent quarrel with his benefactor is at once remembered; and he is naturally vehemently suspected of having attempted to murder Colonel Wynter. His marriage, however, with Ruth Herrick takes place—and the matrimonial scene is one of the prettiest in the play—but so soon as the wedding party have left the church Ned is arrested on a warrant, issued at the instigation of Gideon Blake. The case against him eventually breaks down; but he is convicted on some minor charge, and at all events suffers six months' imprisonment in the county jail. When he comes out of prison he is looked upon as a leper and a pariah by the villagers of Dingley, and, notwithstanding the entreaties of his wife, takes the Queen's shilling from the hands of a bumptious recruiting-sergeant of pensioners. This is how Ned Crayton gets into "the ranks," and he is followed in enlistment by a faithful and comic yokel named Joe Buzzard. It is into one of the battalions of Foot Guards stationed in London that Ned and Joe are draughted from the dépôt; and, as a matter of course, one of the officers in the regiment is Captain Holcroft, who is secretly wedded to Barbara Herrick; but who, in view of an implacable aristocratic mamma, is afraid to avow his marriage. Poor Ruth has come to London to be near her husband. She dwells in an attic and makes a toilsome livelihood by the fabrication of artificial flowers. She has, however, saved a few pounds towards purchasing the discharge of her much-loved Richard; but she is fearfully persecuted by the advances of Gideon Blake, who has persuaded the convalescent Colonel Wynter to retire to foreign parts again. Another thorn in her side is the bill-forging fugitive from justice, Belton, who continually levies black mail upon her, and ultimately puts some morphia into her tea in order to rob her, while in a state of somnolence, of the little hoard which he knows that she has accumulated. The regimental life of Ned Drayton has, meanwhile, been far from a happy one. He is bullied by a tyrannical sergeant, and in an altercation with the non-commissioned officer shakes his fist in the sergeant's face. He is ordered to report himself, when, according to strict military usage, he should at once have been ordered into confinement. But he gets out of barracks in order to visit his wife; is followed by the picket, arrested, taken back to barracks, and locked up in the guard-room, from the window of which he manages to escape, to be again torn from the arms of his wife and consigned to the charge of the guard. But suddenly a ray of sunshine illuminates this very black state of affairs. Colonel Wynter returns to make all things straight. Ned Crayton's difficulties with the military authorities are smoothed away by a device borrowed from "Black-Eyed Susan"; for Gideon Blake, in his anxiety to get Ned out of the country, had previously instructed his solicitor to purchase his enemy's discharge from the Army. So everybody is made happy, except, of course, the foiled and baffled Gideon Blake; and the only fault I have to find with "In the Ranks" is that the curtain is allowed to fall without the appearance of the traditional detective and the adjustment of the historic handcuffs to the wrists of the discomfited villain. It is almost an outrage on Poetic Justice that this consummate rascal should be left to suck the nob of his walking-stick with philosophic equanimity. Imagine Iago getting off scot-free!

The acting throughout is very good. Mr. John Ryder admirably fulfils the requirements of the hot-tempered but kind-hearted Colonel Wynter; and Mr. Charles Warner gives a very gallant and robust presentation of Ned Crayton or Drayton. The impassioned scenes are not overdrawn; and Mr. Warner's pathos is manly and not maudlin. Mr. J. D. Beveridge reaches the superlative degree in polished villainy as Gideon Blake, and evidently took the yells of execration which greeted his appearance when he was called before the curtain as a very high compliment to his histrionic abilities; and the shouts were practically of the nature of a very high compliment indeed. Mr. W. J. Herbert was quiet and gentleman-like as Captain Holcroft; and Mr. J. G. Shore was thoroughly efficient as Farmer Herrick. The minor parts were all well played, and a special word of commendation must be bestowed on Mr. Gardiner, who, as the village constable, got three rounds of applause for his emphatic refusal to "desecrate the altar" by executing his warrant for the apprehension of Ned before that persecuted hero was lawfully married to Ruth. The leading comic character is, however, Joe Buzzard, who found an admirable representative, as droll as he was judicious, in Mr. E. W. Garden. The Hop-picker was played with due emphasis by Mr. J. Beauchamp. Among the ladies, Miss Isabel Bateman, who met with an enthusiastic reception, particularly distinguished herself by the grace of her movements, the beauty of her elocution, and the intense earnestness which she threw into a truly emotional and sympathetic part; nor should warm eulogy be withheld from pretty and ladylike Miss Mary Rorke, who played Barbara Herrick with equal intelligence and refinement. That experienced actress, Mrs. H. Leigh, was extremely funny as Mrs. Buzzard, the mother of Joe. The play was most carefully and conscientiously put upon the stage. The scenic decoration (by Mr. Walter Hann, Mr. T. W. Hall, and Mr. Bruce Smith) is more of the nature of scene-building than scene-painting; but it comprises some charming bits of rusticity, and exhibits, in addition, some of the most elaborate and ingenious examples of stage "machinery in motion" that I have ever seen. "In the Ranks" was, in fine, a triumphant success of the good old Adelphi pattern, and will keep the boards, I should say, for many months.

Mr. F. C. Burnand's much-debated fairy extravaganza of "Ariel" was successfully produced at the Gaiety on Monday, Oct. 8. On Wednesday, Oct. 10, "The Silver King" reached its two hundred and fiftieth representation at the Princess's.

G. A. S.

Mr. Buxton made his annual statement of the work of the London School Board at the first meeting of that body after the recess, on the 4th inst. He said that during the year they had opened seventeen new schools, but it would take the board four or five years to overtake the deficiency of school accommodation, which he last year mentioned was one hundred thousand. On Monday evening a new Board School, built at a cost of £18,000, for the accommodation of about 1200 children, was opened at Hague-street, Bethnal-green.

MUSIC.

THE LEEDS MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

This celebration is on the point of terminating, the closing performance taking place this (Saturday) evening. This is the fourth triennial occasion; the first celebration of the kind, in 1858, having been held tentatively, and in association with the opening of the Townhall. That Festival was conducted by the late Sir Sterndale Bennett, and included the production of his cantata "The May Queen." No Festival was again held until that of 1874, from which time they have recurred triennially. Sir Michael Costa was the conductor in 1874 and 1877, the office having been first fulfilled by Sir A. Sullivan in 1880. The band and chorus at this year's Festival were on a grand scale, consisting of about 112 instrumentalists, led by Mr. Carrodus, and upwards of 300 choristers—the orchestral performers having been selected from among the most eminent members of our opera and concert bands, and the chorus consisting of the excellent Yorkshire vocalists. These, like our other provincial Festivals, are given for a benevolent purpose, the medical charities of Leeds being benefited by the celebrations held there. It is too soon yet to estimate the amount available for this purpose on the present occasion, but it will probably be greater than usual, judging by the exceptionally large sale of tickets. The specialties of the programme must be noticed next week. The opening performance—on Wednesday morning—was appropriated to "Elijah," the evening programme having included the production of Mr. Alfred Cellier's setting (as a cantata) of Gray's Elegy. For Thursday morning the first performance in England of Raff's oratorio, "The End of the World," was announced; the evening concert having included Mr. Barnby's 97th Psalm, another of the Festival novelties; the most important of which was the new oratorio, "King David," composed by Sir G. A. Macfarren for the occasion, and promised for yesterday (Friday) morning. The evening performances were to include Gade's cantata, "The Crusaders"; Beethoven's grand "Missa Solennis" forming the climax of the Festival this (Saturday) morning, and a concert following at night, in which selections from the week's Festival music will be given.

The Covent Garden Promenade Concerts maintain their interest and attractiveness. Last week's classical night comprised effective performances of Mendelssohn's Scotch Symphony as a climax to that portion of the programme, which also included the overture to "Der Freischütz," an "Entr'acte" from Schubert's beautiful music to "Rossamunde," the prelude to Reinecke's "King Manfred," Mendelssohn's pianoforte concerto in D minor (skillfully played by Miss Joseph Lawrence), and Maurer's concertante for violins, cleverly executed by four young ladies—Misses Ward, Wilkes, Dixon, and Turrell. This varied and substantial selection was well contrasted by Miss A. Williams's dramatic rendering of the scene from "Oberon," and Mr. Burdon's delivery of the serenade from Berlioz's "Faust" music.

The twenty-eighth series of Saturday afternoon concerts at the Crystal Palace begins this week. The opening programme includes the first performance in England of a pianoforte concerto by Anton Dvorák, the pianist being Mr. Beringer.

The Liverpool Philharmonic Choral Society is about to begin a season of four subscription concerts under the skilled and experienced conductorship of Mr. Randegger. The choir was associated with the Liverpool Philharmonic Society, but has now entered on a separate existence, with the special object of giving performances of oratorios and other important vocal works. The concerts are to take place on Nov. 8, Dec 27, and in February and March.

We learn from this month's *Theatre* that the widow of Mr. Dutton Cook intends to resume the active duties of her musical profession. This graceful and accomplished lady (née Linda Scates) was a very distinguished pupil at the Royal Academy of Music, is a brilliant pianist, and will forthwith commence her classes for tuition at 69, Gloucester-crescent, Regent's Park.

Miss Alice Aloof's first subscription recital (third season) is announced for next Tuesday evening at Brixton Hall; and Mr. Seymour Smith's annual benefit concert will take place at the South-place Institute, Moorgate-street, next Saturday evening.

Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, Princess Frederica of Hanover, and the Archbishop of Canterbury have consented to patronise the ballad concerts at the Royal Victoria Hall, under Mr. Clement Hoey's direction, beginning Nov. 1.

SIR BERNARD BURKE'S "VICISSITUDES OF FAMILIES."

A quarter of a century has come and gone since the first publication of this work. The new edition, just out (published by Longmans, Green, and Co.), brings it down to the present year. The Vicissitudes of Families is a subject interesting at all times. So far back as the days of ancient Rome it took the public fancy, for does not Cicero tell us that there was nothing more delectable to the reader than the "vicissitudines fortunae." Everyone likes to hear of the ultimate fate of the mighty names of history—to learn how a descendant of the Royal Plantagenets became a butcher and a toll-bar collector, how an Earl of Traquair was found begging in the streets of Edinburgh, how a Count Lally de Tolendal died the other day of semi-starvation in a cellar in Soho, how one of the representatives of the O'Neills, Kings of Ulster, earned his bread as a coffin-maker in Dublin, how the last Sir Thomas Conyers, of Hordern, in Durham, was an inmate of the Chester-le-street Workhouse, how a Viscount Kingsland was a waiter in a Dublin hotel, and how Oliver Cromwell's great-grandson and namesake kept a grocer's shop on Snow-hill. Sir Bernard Burke's work narrates all these and very many similar vicissitudes. Nevill and Percy, and Stuart and De-la-Pole, and De Vere and Bonaparte afford ample materials. There are, besides, numerous stories of less illustrious houses, such as the sad tale of poor Jack Mytton, of Halston, the marvellous rise of the Bairds of Gartsherrie, the successful efforts of two impoverished ladies to regain independence as laundresses, and the career of the Yorkshire groom, who attained eventually the position of a Prime Minister.

A correspondent reminds us that the hero of "Maxse's Ride" through the Russian lines, after the Battle of the Alma, was the Naval Aide-de-Camp to Lord Raglan, Flag-Lieutenant Frederick Augustus Maxse (now Vice-Admiral, retired), who carried the news of the victory to Lord Lyons, the Admiral commanding the fleet. It was attributed to the late Sir Henry Maxse, who also served in the Crimea, in our notice of him last week.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* states that "Mr. Tennyson's arrangement with Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co. for the publication of his works comes to an end with the present year, and will not be renewed. It is, we believe, arranged that Messrs. Macmillan will for the future be the Laureate's publishers. According to current rumours, Mr. Tennyson received under his arrangement with his former publishers £4000 a year."

CITY ECHOES.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 10.

The flight of Messrs. Waddell has not been the least significant event of a week that will for some time to come be remembered as one of singular trouble in the financial and commercial world. The firm of accountants mentioned held a high position of trust, and the extent to which they abused it may be inferred from the fact that the funds said to have been misappropriated are estimated in some tolerably well-informed quarters at about £200,000. Those who are familiar with the Report of the Comptroller in Bankruptcy, which was issued in 1879, could hardly have been altogether unprepared for some unpleasant development as soon as section 160 of the New Bankruptcy Act, which provides for the immediate paying into the Bankruptcy Estates Account at the Bank of England of the funds belonging to estates in liquidation, should come into force, as it did on the 1st inst. Under the expiring Act of 1869 trustees in Bankruptcy had much their own way in the disposal of the money that came into their possession from liquidation proceedings, and many and bitter have been the complaints as to the vexatious, and but too frequently the dishonest, way in which they have on occasion discharged their functions. Their appointment to a receivership was often enough the initial step to shouldering the creditor and his claims on one side, and to a prolonged dragging on of the liquidation for the mere purpose of engulfing the proceeds in wholly unnecessary legal and other expenses. Now that the Board of Trade has, under the new Act, stepped in and taken the place of the creditor, this scandal may be expected to cease. In the meantime there are, it is estimated, in the hands of trustees in Bankruptcy from one to two millions sterling, which has now to be paid into the Bank of England. It would be a ridiculous exaggeration to treat the Waddell incident as other than exceptional; yet the shock to general confidence has been so severe, in consequence of the other painful events that occurred simultaneously, that time and the due fulfilment of the clause of the new Act referred to will alone dissipate the existing distrust.

Among the other incidents that have caused a very painful impression has been the misappropriation by the secretary of the London and River Plate Bank of securities to the amount of £110,000. This matter, from the peculiarity of the issues involved, is, perhaps, more important than the one previously mentioned, for it not only touches the liability of banks for securities lodged with them by their customers for safe keeping, but also the mode of doing business on the Stock Exchange, where the proceeds of the stolen property were lost in speculation. By a legal decision given in 1861, the Union Bank of Australia, whose cashier had stolen the securities lodged by customers of the bank, was held to be irresponsible, as holding the status of "gratuitous bailee," no consideration having been given for guarding the securities, which it was proved had been protected with due care and diligence. This decision led to some of the banks granting "safe custody receipts," by which depositors of securities for safe keeping were, in consideration for a small payment, indemnified against loss. The Directors of the London and River Plate Bank have issued a circular, in which they state that the "precautions always existing would seem to render" the abstraction of the securities from the Treasury "almost impossible"; but nothing has been said as to the views of the Bank regarding its liability to the customers whose securities have been now lost. It has been decided to declare the usual 4 per cent dividend, but to forego distributing a bonus on the grounds that the "year's profits will be seriously affected." Is it to be inferred from this that the Bank will hold itself responsible for the whole of the securities stolen, or only for the £40,000 that were held as collaterals against advances? Perhaps it is not competent for the directors to speak more definitely than they have without consulting the proprietary, and for this purpose a meeting should be called at an early date. Severe as is the loss, and much as it would for some time cripple the dividends, it yet requires little exercise of the imagination to become convinced that by boldly taking the whole responsibility for the loss the Bank would be performing an act at once graceful and politic. The degree of confidence such a policy would inspire would have lasting results that would more than compensate the self-abnegation temporarily imposed. In the event of a less liberal course being adopted litigation of a painful kind is certain, and while it may not be easy to prove that Warden was not in one way or another given undue facilities for getting at the securities in the Treasury, yet litigation, whatever its outcome, would in the interests of the bank be much to be regretted.

Accompanying the malpractices and flight of Messrs. Waddell and Warden have been the occurrence of several failures at Newcastle and elsewhere, including that of the old-established firm of Suse and Sibeth, of Lime-street. The last-named house it had been long known was in a moribund condition, and its fall occasioned no surprise or anxiety. The other failures were, however, not so well anticipated, and hence some little apprehension as to what the immediate future may bring forth. Speculation by business houses in various lines outside their legitimate concerns have been to a large extent at the bottom of the late troubles. General business has so long been quiet, speculation (save in corn and one or two other articles) so narrowed down, and credit kept within such wholesome limits, while general prices are so low, that there would seem to be nothing on which a crisis could feed. Isolated cases of trouble of more or less magnitude may be maturing, but there is no reason for a feeling of actual alarm. It was, perhaps, inevitable that weak people, whether in resources or mental ballast, should succumb to the trying period we have been going through, and when the trade revival, which cannot now be much longer deferred, comes, things may, after all, be better for the weeding out that is in progress.

T. S.

Government have declined the request of the Metropolitan Board of Works for the extension of the coal and wine dues until January, 1900, in order to provide for certain improvements in London.

Mr. John Jaffray, of Birmingham, has promised to present to that town a suburban hospital which shall accommodate fifty male and female patients; and five contributions of £1000 each have been made to the endowment fund, the donors being Mr. H. Wiggin, M.P., Mr. William Middlemore, Alderman Ralph Heaton, Mr. James Hinks, and Mr. John Wilkes.

It is announced by the Registrar of the Royal College of Physicians that the remains of the illustrious Harvey, now lying in the vault under Hempstead church, in Essex, will be removed, with the sanction of Harvey's next of kin, to the Harvey Chapel, and placed therein in a sarcophagus provided by the Royal College of Physicians, on the 18th inst.

In giving judgment upon the capsizing of the Austral in Sydney Harbour eleven months ago, when five lives were lost, Mr. Rothery held that the casualty had been caused by a series of small mistakes; but, looking at the high character and past services of the captain and chief officer, the Court would not deal with their certificates.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Tuesday, Oct. 9.

The Spanish incident may be looked upon as closed from a diplomatic point of view, and even if the Cabinet of Madrid wished to pursue it, no serious consequences need result, for M. Ferry is ready to give every satisfaction. As for the Parisians, they have forgotten the affair almost entirely. The indifferent gossips have had their attention distracted by new revelations concerning the pecuniary embarrassments of Sarah Bernhardt; and the politicians have been and still are absorbed in the preparation of the approaching Parliamentary campaign. I have already spoken in previous letters of the disagreement between the President of the Republic and M. Jules Ferry, and the hostility of the latter towards M. Daniel Wilson and General Thibaudin, the Minister of War. General Thibaudin is Minister no longer; M. Ferry has succeeded in forcing M. Grévy to induce the General to resign, and the Ministry has been intrusted to General Camponet. The incidents of the resignation of M. Thibaudin and of M. Ferry's manoeuvres against the President of the Republic have furnished once more instances of the singular want of patriotism displayed by the French in their political dissensions. In no country in the world is violence more readily accepted in place of argument; in no country but France do journalists indulge in furiously coarse and brutal insults against their political opponents. And now, since the visit of the King of Spain, the torrent of abuse is directed with the extreme acrimony against the hitherto respected person of M. Grévy. M. Paul de Cassagnac, however, has surpassed all his competitors by declaring that he would rather become a subject of the Emperor William than remain a free fellow-citizen of M. Grévy. The first business of the reassembled Parliament will be to attempt the overthrow of the Ferry Ministry by means of a Radical and reactionary coalition. In case the Ferry Cabinet prolongs its existence, under the pretext of the necessity of voting the Budget, the crisis will be adjourned until January. But, in any case, there will be a crisis.

The theatres are resuming their activity, and during the past week new pieces have been produced almost every night. The two most important—"La Famille d'Armelle," produced at the Odéon; and M. Albert Delph's drama, "Les Mancroix," performed at the Comédie Française—treat of subjects which have already been worn more than threadbare on the French stage—namely, conjugal infidelity and the social position of illegitimate children. When will the French dramatists get out of this disagreeable rut? At the Vaudeville last night a gay and amusing comedy, "Les Affolés," by MM. Véron and Gondinet, was produced with considerable success. The piece is witty, amusing, and not immoral.

As decorative art has of late years acquired such an important position in almost every household in England, I shall need no excuse for recommending a handsome volume just published by Rouveyre and Blond, entitled "L'Art dans la Maison," by M. Henri Havard, whose charming volumes on Holland are not unknown to English readers. M. Havard studies art in the house theoretically and practically. His book is a complete grammar of furnishing, full of information and hints that may be studied with profit by professional men as well as by the general reader, for whom the volume is specially intended. "L'Art dans la Maison" is copiously illustrated with wood-cuts and heliographic plates. Amongst the novelties that the Parisian publishers hold in store may be mentioned a new book by Emile Zola, called "La Joie de Vivre," and the "Mémoires" of Henri Heine. These "Mémoires" were intrusted by Heine to a friend, with the request that they should not be published until after the death of Madame Heine. This lady, it will be remembered, died some six months ago.

T. C.

The *Official Gazette* of Vienna publishes a proclamation summoning the Austrian and Hungarian delegations to meet at Vienna on the 23rd inst.—The Lower House of the Hungarian Diet has been discussing the resolution introduced by the Premier, M. de Tisza, for the settlement of the escutcheon question in Croatia. After a debate, lasting four days, the House on Wednesday agreed by 187 against 105 votes to the resolution.—Sponga and two others have been condemned to death at Pesth for the murder of Count Majlath, but they have appealed against the sentence.

The King and Queen of Greece left Copenhagen last Saturday for Vienna. The Emperor of Russia and the Prince of Wales left on Monday for Sweden to take part in a hunting excursion.

The State trials in Norway opened at Christiania on the 4th inst. by the impeachment before the Rigsret, or Supreme Tribunal of the Kingdom, of M. Selmer, Minister of State. At the request of the defendant, the Court adjourned the proceedings until the 19th inst.

The remains of the late Mr. Turgeneff were interred at St. Petersburg with great solemnity on Tuesday. The coffin, which was covered with wreaths, was conveyed on a magnificent funeral car from the railway station to the cemetery. Immense crowds of people witnessed the procession.

On the 4th inst. the Servian Parliament was opened by Royal decree for an extraordinary Session to decide upon the ratification of the Railway Convention. Immediately afterwards, however, the Premier read another decree dissolving the extraordinary Session. The House accordingly separated without doing any business.

Sixteen States have accepted invitations sent by President Arthur to send representatives to an International Conference, at Washington, to establish a common prime meridian.—During the past year the trustees of the Peabody Southern Education Fund in New York distributed 71,175 dols. in aid of education.

The New South Wales Parliament was opened on Tuesday by the Governor, who announced the introduction of a bill regulating the sale and occupation of public lands. Among other important measures were bills dealing with the law of libel, contempt of court, local government, the regulation of the civil service, and the amendment of the bankruptcy laws. His Excellency stated that in response to the invitation issued representatives of all the Australasian colonies had agreed that a conference should assemble in Sydney at the end of November to consider the great question of federation and annexation. Railway construction was making rapid progress in the colony. Thirteen hundred miles were already open for traffic, and 548 more were in course of construction in various directions. The purpose of the large railway extensions into the interior was to develop the resources of the country. A large number of trial surveys had been ordered to be made with a view to the construction of light railways which would act as feeders to the main lines.

We learn from Brisbane that the elections in Queensland have resulted in the defeat of the Ministry, who are in a minority of twelve in the Legislative Assembly.

The Punjab Local Self-Government Bill was passed by the Viceregal Council on Wednesday.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO HUDDERSFIELD.



MARKET-PLACE, HUDDERSFIELD.



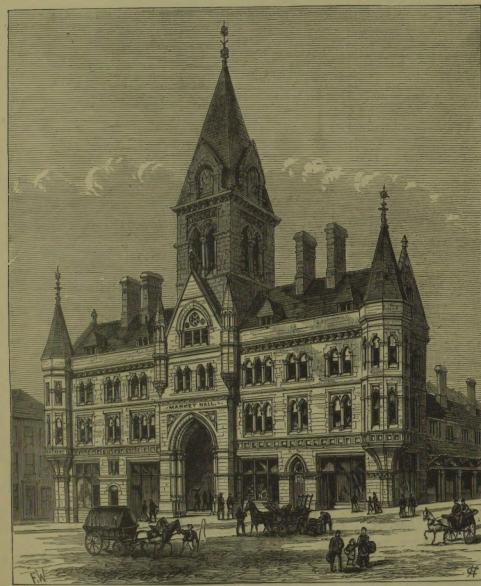
PARISH CHURCH, HUDDERSFIELD.



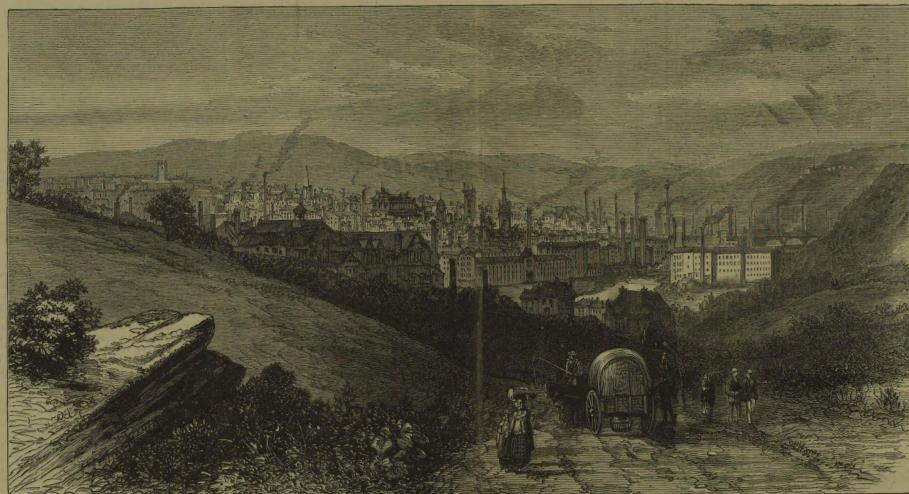
THE TOWNSHALL.



STREET VIEW LOOKING TOWARDS RAILWAY STATION.



MARKET HALL, HUDDERSFIELD.



VIEW OF HUDDERSFIELD FROM CASTLE HILL.



TECHNICAL SCHOOL, HUDDERSFIELD.



ENTRANCE TO BEAUMONT PARK FROM THE TOWN.



TERRACES IN BEAUMONT PARK.



ORNAMENTAL WATER, BEAUMONT PARK.



VIEW IN BEAUMONT PARK.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO HUDDERSFIELD.

The town of Huddersfield, which was last week the seat of the Social Science Congress, to-day receives its first visit from members of the Royal family—namely, the Duke and Duchess of Albany. Its entire history is modern, and in rapid progress it vies with any of its competitors as to the advance which it has made during the last few years. One portion of the present borough has, however, considerable claims to antiquity, and that is the township of Almondbury, adjacent to the Castle Hill, a noble eminence, from the summit of which a splendid view can be obtained of the town.

Manufacturers finding a good supply of water in the valley at the foot of Castle Hill, began to build their large mills, to give employment to thousands of hands connected with the manufacture of cloth. Early in the field, devoting strict attention, great skill and enterprise to their work, and keeping well up with the times in new improvements, availing themselves of the latest discoveries in science, producing excellent goods of beautiful designs, the Huddersfield manufacturers have gained, and up to the present have succeeded in maintaining, the very foremost position as makers of fancy cloth goods. Indeed, so marked has this been that the town has suffered far less from foreign competition than many of its great rivals, both in Yorkshire and the neighbouring county of Lancashire. The cloth goods produced in the Huddersfield district are a speciality, and their fame is world wide. The manufacturers and merchants of the town have spared themselves no trouble or expense in sending the productions of their looms to the most distant parts of the globe, and in every possible way have sought to increase both the home and foreign trade. Recently, feeling that something more was required if in the future the town and the neighbourhood were to still keep their high position as the centre of the fancy woollen industry, the committee of the Mechanics' Institute co-operated with a committee of the Chamber of Commerce in attempting the task of raising a technical school, which should be fully equal to the requirements of the times, and enable the youth of Huddersfield to acquire that technical knowledge which will place them in a position of equality with any Continental rivals. Success has crowned the efforts of the joint committee, and the inauguration of the new school was commenced with a Fine-Art and Industrial Exhibition, which was opened in July this year.

West Yorkshire has been described as "one of the greatest manufacturing districts in the world," and in West Yorkshire Huddersfield holds no mean position. Amongst the textile industries of the country, the cloth manufacture ranks next to the cotton. It is estimated that fully one half of the whole population engaged in the manufacture of cloth in the United Kingdom reside in West Yorkshire. In Huddersfield and district, plain and fancy woollens, broadcloths, doeskins, worsted coatings, trouserings, woollen cords, Bedford cords, vestings, tweeds, mantle cloths, shawls, serges, cashmerettes, mohair, and sealskin cloth, are produced in large quantities. In addition to these, an endless variety of fancy goods, including fancy-dress skirts and dresses of the finest quality, are here manufactured from worsted, silk, and cotton. Although the staple industry of the town and district is the cloth trade, there is also cotton and silk spinning, some extensive ironworks, dyeworks, and many other branches of industry, which are pursued with all the indomitable skill and perseverance which are characteristic of Yorkshiremen.

Huddersfield was created a Parliamentary borough in 1832, and a charter of incorporation was granted to the town in 1868. Local Acts have enlarged the municipal borough considerably, so as to include a good many of the outside townships. The waterworks and gasworks are in the hands of the Corporation. In connection with the former, there are five storage reservoirs on the moors between Huddersfield and Saddleworth, and, combined, they are capable of holding 900,000,000 gallons of water.

The town has a clean and solid appearance, from the fact that nearly all the buildings are of stone. The stone-quarries in the neighbourhood supply the material in abundance. Indeed, in the matter of public and other buildings, the borough is far ahead of some provincial towns of more pretensions. The Townhall and borough offices, though built in a back street and almost hidden by surrounding buildings, are, nevertheless, a fine block. The Borough Offices cost £13,000. The Townhall adjoining, in which there is a magnificent concert-room with a fine organ, cost £30,000. It was opened very recently with a musical festival. The Infirmary is a fine building in New North-road, in one of the most pleasant positions in the town. It was erected in 1831 by public subscription, and cost between seven and eight thousand pounds. An additional wing has since been added, at a cost of £4000, and a thorough system of medicated baths, at a cost of £2000, has also been provided within the building. The Market-hall, which cost £30,000, was finished in 1880. The Estate Buildings were finished in 1870, and cost £40,000. In St. George's-square, on one side of which is the railway station, is a statue of Peel, erected in 1873. It cost £1000, and the money was raised by subscription. In the same square are the Britannia Buildings, a fine block of warehouses and offices, erected in 1859, at a cost of £12,000. The Post Office was built in 1874 by Sir J. W. Ramsden, Bart., M.P., the ground landlord of the town, and by him is leased to the Government. It cost £2400. A few weeks ago the Huddersfield Banking Company opened new offices in West-street, one of the best streets in the town. The bank is a massive stone building, and cost £23,000. The parish church was built in 1506, at a cost of £9000. Space would not permit to mention one-half of the public buildings of Huddersfield. In the opinion of many of the ratepayers the School Board has been extravagant in building; but the fact remains that the town now possesses a splendid series of Board Schools such as any town might well be proud of. The Board has fourteen schools, and Huddersfield has for several years in succession occupied the first place (as it does for the present year) both in the percentage of passes and in the amount of the Government grant. All the Board Schools are modern buildings, and have been erected in the most approved style, with all the latest conveniences and with all new improvements. About 16,000 children attend the various Board and voluntary schools in the town.

The present year has been a busy one in the town. In addition to the opening of the Exhibition, the town has welcomed the Social Science Congress, the Yorkshire Union of Mechanics' Institutes, and the Yorkshire Union of Baptist Churches, while the Yorkshire Poor Law Conference will hold its sittings here next month.

The Exhibition which their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Albany will visit to-day has for its immediate object the assisting to provide a good endowment fund for the Technical School. It was opened with a balance of several thousands of pounds against the committee; but so well has the attendance been kept up, and so hard have the voluntary committee worked, that this has been all wiped out; and no doubt when it closes a considerable balance will be left for the Technical School. Of the Exhibition itself much might be said. It has been very popular, and the attendance up to last Saturday night exceeded 180,000. As Prince Leopold

could not make it convenient to open the Exhibition on July 7, his visit of inspection is to make up for his absence on that occasion, when the Duke of Somerset came in his stead.

But the Prince visits Huddersfield not only for the purpose of seeing the Exhibition, which indeed was first the cause of his visit, but also to open a new public park. The ground for the park was given to the Corporation by Mr. H. F. Beaumont, of Whitley Beaumont. At the time the gift was made the ground was in a wild condition; but the Corporation, after spending many thousands of pounds, have laid out the park in a manner which redounds much to their credit. The terraces, the ornamental water, and the rocky ravines, clad with verdant shrubbery, are shown in our Artist's Sketches of Beaumont Park. From several points good views can be had of the Holmfirth and Meltham Valleys, of the moors towards Pernstone, and of the pleasant suburb of Lockwood. Here can also be seen the viaduct belonging to the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway Company, which is 350 ft. in length, built on thirty-six arches, the highest of which is 130 ft.

Members of the Royal Family have frequently visited Yorkshire; and Leeds, Bradford, Hull, and York have several times had the honour of entertaining Royalty. But up to the present Huddersfield has not been so favoured, and the inhabitants are in a flutter of excitement about to-day's proceedings. The Royal party are expected to arrive in the town at a quarter to eleven. They will be received at the railway station by the Mayor and Mayoress (Alderman J. F. and Mrs. Brigg) and members of the Corporation. Their Royal Highnesses may be quite sure of a hearty welcome from Huddersfield people quite independently of the good objects of the visit; but, with these considerations added, the certainty of an enthusiastic reception is doubly assured.

Our Views of Huddersfield are supplied by Sketches made for this Journal, with some assistance from the photographs of buildings taken by Mr. Vincent Hatch, of that town. We shall give Illustrations next week of the reception of the Duke and Duchess of Albany, and the opening of Beaumont Park.

THE MAGAZINES.

The event of the day in the world of English periodical literature is undoubtedly the launching of Messrs. Macmillan's spirited venture, the *English Illustrated Magazine*. Illustration has hitherto been the weak point of all the English literary periodicals that have attempted it, not merely with reference to the American standard, but to the standard of artistic and scientific periodicals at home. The fault has lain more with the engraver than the artist, and more with the printer than the engraver. Their shortcomings have thus been chiefly of a mechanical character, and such as an intelligent direction, making satisfactory performance in art its first object, might be expected to overcome. The practicability of improvement is sufficiently demonstrated by the first number of the new magazine, many of whose illustrations—especially those accompanying Mr. Comyns Carr's essay on Rossetti and Mr. Grant Allen's paper on the Dormouse—are real masterpieces; while the provision of so copious a store of art for sixpence must count among the marvels of publishing enterprise, which we trust will be fully remunerated. The necessity for a very large circulation is not usually conducive to a high literary standard, as nothing of doubtful popularity can be ventured upon. We are not surprised, therefore, that, with one exception, the quality of the papers is not much above that usually achieved by sixpenny magazines, mainly dependent upon their woodcuts. Mr. Comyns Carr's analysis of Rossetti's genius as a painter is acute and original; but Mr. Black's Highland story and Mr. Swinburne's poem, and Mr. Grant Allen's dormouse and Professor Huxley's oyster, though all creditably done, one and all strike us as mere journey-work, mechanical specimens of the style which has made second nature to the writers. There is more of the glow of composition about Miss Yonge's romance of mediæval Winchester; and Mr. F. W. Maitland's notes, pictorial and historical, on the Law Courts, new and old, have plenty of spirit.

The *Cornhill* is very good this month. The author of "Vice Versa" continues with grave imperturbable humour to entangle the luckless hero of his present fiction in the difficulties arising from the false step into which he has been inveigled by ambition and egotism, palliated by an unfortunate want of presence of mind. A writer of even greater distinction, if we do not mistake the hand, treats us to a dainty sketch of Amelia Opie, whose attractive personality has survived her writings. Two short tales form an effective contrast to each other, "Pelino Viera's Confession" being a weird piece of diablerie, and "A Slight Misunderstanding" having the essence of a pretty little comedy.

Blackwood continues "The Millionaire" with undiminished spirit, and starts a new story, "The Baby's Grandmother," truthful in its pictures of domestic, but, so far, rather slow. If the jingling inanity of some recent verse-writers admits of being parodied at all, which may be doubted, the feat is cleverly performed by the author of "Suspensions on the Dominant," announced with much gravity as a young poet endowed with "an intense and subtle feeling for the indefinite." More musical nonsense was certainly never written. "From Tangier to Wazan" is a picturesque account of a tour in Morocco, and "The Story of a Little War" describes the very satisfactory progress and result of the measures adopted for the suppression of civil discord and cannibalism in Fiji. The second of Mrs. Oliphant's letters from Galilee describes the attempt—not, so far, very successful—to settle Roumanian Jews as agricultural colonists in Palestine.

The two novels of *Longman's Magazine* are both concluded this month—Mr. Payn's happily, Mr. Bret Harte's tragically. How the catastrophe of the latter could ever be known to the narrator is not apparent; but the objection applies to many other novels. Dr. Richardson's essay on "Cycling as an Intellectual Pursuit" is full of useful sanitary suggestions; and Mr. Haweis's account of his visit to Richard Wagner's sepulchre is not uninteresting, though he will not convince naturalists that he heard a nightingale in July.

M. Leroy-Beaulieu's review of French foreign policy in the *Fortnightly* is a fair epitome of what official Frenchmen would like to be believed, but has no other significance. What can be made of a writer who asserts that France was forced into the Tunis expedition against her will, and who calls the Queen of Madagascar "the chief of the Hovas"? "Russia, Austria, and the Danubian States," on the other hand, is a really valuable survey of the situation created by the rivalry of Russia and Austria in the Balkan peninsula, which may be attributed to a distinguished Frenchman for some time past resident on the Danube. The sympathies of the populations, he thinks, will ultimately ensure victory to Russia. In "Indian Princes at Home," Sir Lepel Griffin very effectively answers the comparisons which have lately been instituted between English and native rule, to the disadvantage of the former. As Political Agent for Central India, Sir Lepel Griffin is intimately acquainted with the economy of a great number of native States, and is aware that any traces of good administration they may exhibit are solely due to the example

and the pressure of the paramount Power. Mr. Swinburne's essay on Victor Hugo's "Légende des Siècles" is rather a poem itself than a criticism; it occupies itself entirely with the aspects of Victor Hugo's genius in which he is unapproachable great, and takes no note of his serious limitations. It is, however, an elegant as well as an eloquent composition, only deformed by a foolish sally against Carlyle. Lady Gregory's reminiscences of her Portuguese tour are very charming. The third part of the "Radical Programme" is one on which all parties might be supposed to be agreed—the more satisfactory housing of the poor in towns. The specific features of the Radical version of this excellent proposition seem to be that the present owner of "unsanitary" house property are to be compelled to part with it at half its value, and that the expense of improving it is to be borne by the neighbours, not the community at large.

The condition of the poor is also the theme of the most important article in the *Nineteenth Century*, Dr. Jessop's "Clouds over Arcady." This gives a painful picture of the sullen, stolid depression and sulky abhorrence of wealth and culture which prevail in the agricultural districts of Norfolk—no fair specimen, we hope, and have reason to think, of rural England in general. Here, too, the first condition of improvement is to get the poor better housed, which will scarcely be accomplished unless the private benevolence invoked by Dr. Jessop is supplemented by something in this age of legislation. He does not say whether the allotment system obtains to any extent in this county. The pith of the controversy on the *Ilbert Bill*, in so far as it is a question of principle, is very well conveyed in communications from Mr. Justice Stephen and Sir Evelyn Baring. Justice Stephen is afraid of provoking a spirit of change by uncalled-for legislation; Sir Evelyn would make timely provision for a state of things which he believes to be impending. These views are not irreconcilable, and the question now agitated will probably be settled by a compromise. The puppets manœuvred in Mr. Traill's amusing discussion on the politics of literature arrive at the conclusion that literature has no bias to either political party. We think history would answer otherwise; but Mr. Traill's arguments are mostly *à priori*. Mr. Capes enables us to judge of the poetic spirit of the early English miracle plays by modernised versions. Mr. Archibald Forbes, reviewing the political feeling of the Australian colonies, from which he has lately returned, pronounces the Australians more British than the Britons themselves; but doubts whether patriotic sentiment would stand the strain of the injury to commerce occasioned by a great naval war.

Mr. Forbes is also the writer of the most entertaining paper in the *Contemporary*—"Some Social Characteristics of Australia." The picture is in the main a very agreeable one. The other contributions are also interesting, especially Mr. F. Harrison's address to the Trades' Union Congress on the progress of labour, and Mr. Rae's investigation of the causes of the disappearance of small landed proprietors in this country. Mr. R. Heath, for what reason is not very apparent, rebukes the burghers of Amsterdam with an energy which will probably provoke a retort; and Professor Salmon imparts a number of curious statements made by pious Roman Catholics who profess to have received private revelations on the subject of purgatory.

All the articles in the *National Review* are interesting, but none are eminently remarkable. Among the most important subjects discussed are the danger to the British navy from torpedoes, by Admiral Robinson; the political ideas of Sismondi, by Lord Colchester; and the necessity for transferring the representation of small Irish boroughs to Ulster, by R. Staples. Mr. Charles Grant's essay on Gottfried Keller introduces English readers to one of the most important representatives of modern German fiction. Mr. Austin's verses to a captive thrush are both graceful and spirited.

Temple Bar has an admirable article on Lord Beaconsfield, evidently the production of a sound judge and intelligent observer, candid, yet tinged with just that shade of deference which is the due of a great man. Some anecdotes of Carlyle and his wife are also told agreeably and with right feeling; and there is a good biographical sketch of Berlioz by a personal acquaintance.

Harper has finely illustrated papers on the "Last Days of Washington's Army" and "Dalecarlia," and a very pretty story, entitled "The Wood Nymph: a Sculptor's Romance." The writer, however, seems under the extraordinary delusion that an Earl's station in the Peerage is higher than a Marquis's. The *Century* has a beautifully illustrated article, of great interest to Englishmen, on local associations connected with Thackeray; as well as a fine portrait of Longfellow, accompanied by a good critical essay by E. C. Stedman; and the usual stores of landscape and architectural illustration. "A Woman's Reason" is brought to a close rather weakly. The most remarkable contributions to the *Atlantic Monthly*, besides the conclusion of Mr. Crawford's Roman story, are Mr. Henry James's Sketches of the South of France; and a retrospect by Emerson, when or under what circumstances composed is not stated, of the intellectual history of Massachusetts in his day, including a particular account of Brook Farm. The most remarkable article in *Manhattan* is an account for American consumption of the followers of Mr. Parnell in the House of Commons, intended to be highly eulogistic; but so absurdly exaggerated as to be rather provocative of derision.

Mr. Buchanan's New *Abelard*, in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, maintains its character as one of the most sensational fictions of the day. The leading incident of this month's instalment is ingeniously combined from George Eliot and M. Belot. Mr. Grant Allen's scientific interpretation of the honeysuckle; Mr. P. Robinson's chapter on the lion in poetry; Mr. Barnett Smith's memoir of Lady Caroline Lamb, and Mr. Rye's illustrations of the simplicity of Cantab life in the seventeenth century, are all very entertaining papers.

The most interesting contribution to *Belgravia* is one of "Ouida's" lively dramas of society, "At Cannaboldi." *London Society* continues Mrs. Riddell's "Three Wizards and a Witch," and has a very pleasant tourist's sketch of Cannock Chase. The *Bibliographer* has a capital sketch, by Mr. W. E. A. Axon, of Sir Thomas Phillips, the celebrated publisher of the early part of this century, so graphically depicted in "Lavengro"; and Mr. Theodore Bent communicates to the readers of the *Antiquary* a confidential letter from an agent of Philip II. of Spain in this country shortly before the sailing of the Armada.

We have also to acknowledge the receipt of Macmillan's, Time, The Theatre, Good Words, St. Nicholas, All the Year Round, The Argosy, Merry England, The Month, The Army and Navy Magazine, Cassell's Magazine.

Lord Reay yesterday week opened a new college at Morningside, near Edinburgh, with an address on secondary education, which the institution has been established to promote.

A motion was made at a recent meeting of the Court of Common Council that the vote of censure upon the Court of Aldermen passed at the Common Hall on the election of the new Lord Mayor be recorded upon the minutes, but this was defeated by a majority of 103 to 53.

THE COURT.

Her Majesty and the members of the Royal family have made varied excursions during the week, although snow now caps the hills. The routes taken have been to the Glassalt Shiel, Castleton, and by Braemar to the Derry, where tea was served at Lord Fife's shooting-lodge. Birkhall, and Aberfeldy, where the Empress Eugenie has been staying, have also been visited, the Empress frequently joining the Royal circle. The Earl of Aberdeen has been on a visit to the Queen. Divine service was attended on Sunday by her Majesty and the Royal family, the Very Rev. Principal Tulloch, D.D., officiating at Balmoral. The Earl of Fife, Lord Northbrook (Minister in attendance), Sir Evelyn Wood, and Principal Tulloch have been of the Queen's dinner circle, and Mr. Boehm and Dr. Profeit one evening joined the Royal party in the drawing-room.

The Duke and Duchess of Albany, with their daughter, Princess Alice, left the castle on Monday for Leeds. Upon their arrival at Otley Station an address was presented on behalf of the Otley Local Board, to which the Duke responded. Their Royal Highnesses then drove to Farnley Hall, the seat of Mr. Fawkes, whose guests they have been during their stay for the musical festival at Leeds. The Duke and Duchess go to Huddersfield to-day (Saturday), for the purpose of opening Beaumont Park.

The Queen has appointed the Hon. Edward Algernon Fitzroy to be Page of Honour to her Majesty, vice George Albert Edward Alexander Byng, Esq., resigned.

The Prince and Princess of Wales will close their visit to the King and Queen of Denmark early next week, when it is arranged they will leave Copenhagen on their return home, with Prince Albert Victor and their daughters. Within the last few days their Royal Highnesses inspected the Historical Museum at Rosenberg, and dined at the palace, proceeding afterwards to Copenhagen, where they witnessed the performance at the Court Theatre, returning to Fredensborg at night. On Monday the Prince left for Sweden to take part in a hunting excursion on the estate of Count Tornerhjelm.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh and children have left Rosenau for the Palace of Coburg, where they will remain until their return to England. Their Royal Highnesses are expected to arrive at Eastwell Park about the 25th inst.

The Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz left St. James's Palace on Monday for the Continent.

The Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin and family, who have been at the Alexandra Hotel for a few days, have left for Bournemouth.

Princess Frederica of Hanover, and Baron Pawel von Rammingen arrived in town on Tuesday from Paris.

THE RECESS.

Serene in his belief in the strength of the Government, the Premier spent the beginning of the week with the Earl of Derby at Knowsley, and gave himself up to social recreation in the company of the noble Earl, Sir John Lubbock, and Mr. Henry Irving, it is to be presumed, in lieu of wasting his breath in vain reply to the unqualified censures which Sir Stafford Northcote and Mr. Gibson have been heaping on the devoted heads of the Ministry.

Sir Stafford Northcote is about to change his base of operations from the north of Ireland to Wales. Monotony characterised the greater part of the Right Hon. Baronet's Ulster speeches. There was a constant appeal to his loyal and enthusiastic Orange listeners to prepare for a coming battle in defence of the Union. That was the strain which ran through his opening addresses in Belfast, was continued on Monday in the Duke of Abercorn's drawing-room, and that swelled to a trumpet blast on Tuesday in the Corporation Hall of Londonderry. There, replying with unbroken animation to the addresses of confidence from the Londonderry Conservative Association, Sir Stafford Northcote rallied the Orangemen in the following spirited terms:

We are sometimes told that the Conservative party is not an active and political party, and might do more than it does. I do not enter into that question very minutely, but I would remind you that there are occasions upon which the British Army, with its Irish soldiers among it, has found itself obliged to stand for a great length of time, maintaining its position, defending itself against large odds, because the time had not come for the forward defence; yet, after having shown its discipline, its patience, its endurance, and its courage for the sufficient time requisite, then would come the moment when the commander would cry, "Up, Guards, and at them!" (cheers)—and at such a moment as that the British and Irish Army were never found deficient (loud cheers). I believe the same will be the case here, and that the time is come, and is not very far distant, when we shall be called upon, not to fight with our hands, as Irishmen are perhaps sometimes a little too ready to do—(laughter)—but to fight with our voices, and our energy, and our organisation at the poll, to which we shall have to go, and at which the contest will be waged (Hear, hear). Gentlemen, I hope you will keep your powder dry for the occasion—(cheers)—and when I say that, I hope you will understand that I do not speak literally with regard to your powder. If I do, I expose myself to being brought up under the Crimes Act for having used such a word (Laughter).

In view of the riots which followed the right hon. gentleman's oration in Belfast, it was, perhaps, expedient for him to add that he spoke "metaphorically." Mr. Gibson, for his part, has not relaxed in Scotland the vigour of his sweeping condemnation of the Ministerial policy. But the ex-Attorney-General for Ireland's speeches at Forres and elsewhere should be read by the light of Sir Farrer Herschell's clear exposition at Ayr yesterday week. Indeed, the wholesale and indiscriminate abuse of the Administration by Mr. Gibson and other Conservative platform orators may be said to have justified Mr. Osborne Morgan in protesting to the Cefn branch of the Denbighshire Liberal Association on Monday that the Conservative leaders so far resembled the Archbishop of Rheims in "The Ingoldsby Legends" that,

"They cursed us at board, they cursed us in bed,
From the sole of the foot to the crown of the head;
Never was heard such a terrible curse.
But what gave rise to no little surprise,
Nobody seemed one penny the worse."

(Loud laughter.) Why, if the Government had been guilty of the enormities which had been laid to their charge they would have been swept from office, bag and baggage, long before this, instead of being, he felt confident, rather firmer in their places than they had ever been before (Cheers).

Sir Stafford Northcote did not fail at Belfast to take legitimate advantage of Mr. Houldsworth's success in securing the late Mr. Birley's seat for Manchester by a majority of 11,972—18,188 against 6216—over Dr. Pankhurst, the Radical candidate. But the resolution of the Liberal Association to offer no opposition to the election of Mr. Houldsworth contributed beyond doubt greatly to this Conservative success.

Lord Aberdare spoke at a distribution of prizes on Tuesday, at the Mountain Ash Science and Art Schools.

A remarkably cheap English version of "Adrienne: A Story of French Life," by "Rita," is issued from the office of the Strand Publishing Company, 172, Strand. Although it is illustrated by nine dramatic drawings from the pencil of M. Emile Bayard, whose effective designs alone are sufficient to induce one to read the novel, "Adrienne" is published at the low price of a shilling.

SOCIAL SCIENCE.

The annual congress of the Social Science Association at Huddersfield, began on Wednesday evening, last week, when the President, Sir R. Temple, gave his opening address in the presence of a large audience. His subject was the application of social science to the British Empire abroad, and he dealt with it in three main divisions—physical comfort and material well-being, mental and moral training, and social organisation. Among the subjects then referred to were the improvement of dwellings, sanitation, hospital management, the land laws, emigration, the preservation of forests, education, law reform, the organisation of thrift, and local self-government.

The special subjects prescribed for discussion were entered upon on Thursday, when the various sections began their session. Mr. William Barber, Q.C., gave his presidential address on jurisprudence and the amendment of the law. The principal subject discussed was whether the modern system of education exerted any deleterious influence upon the health of the young, and after a prolonged debate, in which it was contended that over-pressure existed in Board Schools to the detriment of the health of weakly pupils, a resolution was passed to call the attention of the Government to the fact. A paper was read on the blasphemy laws, the modification of which was generally advocated. In the evening the Mayor gave a conversazione in the Townhall.

The chief feature of the sitting yesterday week was a paper on Crime by Mr. Howard Vincent, Director of Criminal Investigations. He dealt with the causes, results, prevention, and detection of crime, and the treatment of prisoners. Mr. Francis Sharp Powell, the President of the Education Department, gave his address in the morning before a large number of the members of the association in the Queen-street Assembly Rooms, Sir Richard Temple in the chair. Mr. Powell pleaded the cause of higher education for all ranks of society and conditions of men, as enabling them to rise in the social scale and contribute to the moral and material advantage of the nation. One feature of the day's programme was an excursion to Kirklees Park and the grave of Robin Hood.

On Saturday last Sir Rupert Kettle, president of the Art Department, gave the opening address on art education, especially directing attention to decorative art, when Sir Richard Temple read an address advocating the cultivation of forests in the British Empire and the formation of a school for scientific education in tree culture. In the Health Department Mr. George Smith read a paper on the operation of the Canal Boats Act of 1877, which he regretted had done so little to prevent overcrowding in boat cabins. Mr. W. M. Adams read a paper in the Economy and Trade Department on the fish supply of the kingdom. Several excursions took place.

All the sections met on Monday. Mr. Pridgin Teale, president of the Health Department, read an address on the relation which the modern system of education had to health, and condemned the excessive wear and tear occasioned by examinations. Interesting papers were discussed in the other departments.

The departmental business of the association terminated on Tuesday. Professor Thorold Rogers gave his address as President of the Economy and Trade Department. In the Amendment of the Law Section, Mr. J. R. Davidson read a paper on the assimilation and reform of the laws of England and Scotland on marriage and divorce. These and several other questions were discussed. A conversazione, given by the local committee to members of the association, was held in the Townhall.

On Wednesday the concluding general meeting of the members and associates was held in the Assembly Rooms, Mr. Hastings, M.P., President of the Council, in the chair. An invitation from Birmingham to hold the Congress next year in that town had been accepted.

Professor Jowett has been re-elected Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University.

St. Mary's Church, Bexley, Kent, which has been restored at a cost of £6500, was reopened last Saturday afternoon by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Yesterday week the Company appointed to revise the authorised version of the Old Testament finished their eighty-second session at the Jerusalem Chamber.

Mr. H. M. Stanley reports the discovery of another lake in Central Africa, and of a broad navigable river. He estimates the population of the Congo basin at forty-nine millions, and says there are large openings for commercial undertakings.

The Church Congress at Reading concluded its sittings yesterday week. In the evening the Mayor entertained the members of the congress at a conversazione in the Townhall. It has been decided to hold the next congress at Carlisle.

George Warden, the late secretary of the London and River Plate Bank, was brought up at Guildhall on Tuesday charged with stealing valuable securities from the bank, to the amount of £110,000. He was remanded for a week.

Professor Huxley distributed the prizes to the students and nurses at the London Hospital on Tuesday. He subsequently gave an address on State interference in matters relating to the medical profession, and on the advantage of securing more thorough training for medical students.

On Wednesday the foundation-stone of the Birkenhead new Townhall was laid by the Mayor, Mr. T. S. Deakin, in the presence of a large concourse. The building, which will be a very imposing structure, will cost about £70,000. A Sessions Court and Police Court will also be erected at a further cost of about £30,000.

The ship Pericles, of 1598 tons, Captain Largie, chartered by Sir Saul Samuel, Agent-General for New South Wales, sailed from Plymouth for Sydney on the 6th inst., with 452 emigrants.—Sir Saul Samuel has been informed by telegram of the arrival in Sydney of the ship Gladstone, which sailed from Plymouth with emigrants in July last.

Four memorial-stones of a new hospital and dispensary were laid at Darington on Tuesday afternoon by Mrs. Fry (wife of Mr. Theodore Fry, M.P.), the Mayoress, Mr. R. A. Backhouse (High Sheriff of the county of Durham), and Mr. Charles Janson. Subscriptions to the amount of over £9000 have already been received, but the building will cost considerably more.

In London last week 2387 births and 1252 deaths were registered. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 219, and the deaths 208, below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. There were 3 deaths from smallpox, 11 from measles, 63 from scarlet fever, 19 from diphtheria, 14 from whooping-cough, 21 from enteric fever, 48 from dysentery, and 5 from simple cholera. The deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs, which had been 167 and 163 in the two preceding weeks, rose to 191 last week. Different forms of violence caused 55 deaths; of these 50 were the result of negligence or accident, among which were 29 from fractures and contusions, 6 from burns and scalds, 7 from drowning, and 8 of infants under one year of age from suffocation. Five cases of suicide were registered.

A GREAT RUN OVER EXMOOR.

The harvest moon has waned, until at dawn it shows but a slender arc of pale silver in a deep sapphire sky. Now is the season of lustiest life with these wild red-deer of the western moorlands; when they will run their fastest and farthest, leading pursuers many a league across the rugged hills, and fight their hardest, whether for the defeat of a rival or for dear life against overwhelming odds. The goodly stags have lost the fat of summer idleness, when they lived at ease and fed in luxury. They seem now modelled for swift flight or stern encounter. They move through shadowy glen or on mountain ridge with more lightly bounding footsteps, their thickening necks bespeak fullness of strength; their heads are carried proudly, and their soft dark eyes, always tender but never timid, look with defiance on foes that at other seasons would be most avoided. Less than a month hence these woodlands will echo to the loud "belling" of antlered monarchs, who, acting as their own heralds, send forth from every glen a challenge to any who may care to enter the lists against them; and through the long night will be heard clashing of pointed tines, trampling of hoofs, and panting of heavy animals in mortal combat. But one of those mighty warriors has taken his share of strife for the last time. Under the pale gleams of the crescent moon he may have been seen at midnight passing from shock to shock in the corn-field yonder, daintily nibbling a few ears of every one like an epicure; or in the turnip-fields close at hand, turning the roots up as he went, taking a bite of each, then tossing the remnant over his head in lordly profusion of wastefulness. When across the cold mists of valley and sea dawn began to break he retired to some secluded thicket for his morning repose. Thither our "harbourer," with a patient skill that is seldom at fault, has slotted him yard by yard from his feeding-ground, and there the tufters are trying for him now.

After a night of frequent showers the morning broke doubtfully. Dark clouds still hovered in the west, and dense mists began to roll in from the sea. These have not disappeared yet, and all chance of a moorland run that horsemen can take part in may at any moment be dispelled by the gathering of a more impenetrable fog-curtain. "A great run over Exmoor" is an experience to be remembered for a lifetime. One great charm of it is that the experience may be yours at any moment and when least expected, for the ways of red-deer are sometimes strange indeed. Here in these pine woods and tangled thickets of Pitt Combe, and the endless mazes of oak copse fringing precipitous cliffs by the Severn Sea, it would seem as if a cunning hart might dodge hounds for a whole day, and baffle them at last by plunging into the waves. So he often does; but, luckily, all his kindred are not of the same mind. Hark! there is a merry hound-chorus ringing in that glen, and presently a loud Tally-ho! tells that the right animal has been roused. Instead of facing the ridge where, amid long heather and bracken, stunted larches stand like sentries guarding the lonelier recesses of Exmoor, he turns downward through the dark and densely-wooded ravines of Culbone, and threads these until those who follow as hounds run can hear the waves beating on the shingle by Glenthorn. Then suddenly the hunted stag turns away from his woodland haunts, crosses the ridge by County Gate and plunges into the deep valley of Oare. Only five horsemen are with hounds when tufters are stopped and the pack laid on. One is Lord Ebrington, the master; another, whose sixty odd summers sit lightly on the wiry frame and cheery face, is Arthur Heal, the huntsman; a third is the most modest man who ever left a hard-riding field struggling far behind, while his well-bred, wiry little black went skimming over heather and bog like a thing on wings; the fourth is also a light weight, who comes from the Stevenstone country; and the fifth, of course, is a "parson." There always was a parson in every good thing. Though not with them, one needs no magic wand to conjure up the triumph that is theirs when their hunted stag, disclaiming to "soil" in the foaming Lynn, toils up through Southern Wood towards "the mile long waves of that great heather sea"; or the pleasant creeping of the flesh they feel when their horses' hoofs strike on the turf of Exmoor. In imagination one may at least be with them as they skirt the crest of Badgeworthy Wood, where tawny ash and sombre green oak mingle their tints and the red rowan berries gleam like coral among sylvan shades.

Now bending westward, the pack skims over a vast expanse of heath, here long and tangled, and still bearing a wealth of purple blossoms, there short and brown, with bare patches of firm black peat between, or little pools left by last night's showers, where hounds and horses as they pass splash up a fountain of gleaming spray. No better galloping ground than this is to be found on Exmoor. Plunging down the combe, where Farley Water runs a little babbling stream, they breast the next steep, and hold on without a chance of drawing rein over the ridges of Oare Oak Hill towards the western Lynn. A lonely heron, rising far above the next height, tells by his flight which way the stag has gone. It is westward still, and more than one of the five is thankful for the sign that tells him there is little danger of getting into the deep ground of Exmoor Chains, where horses, pressed already to their topmost speed, could not hope to live with hounds. They have scarcely noted how "one grey hill rose brownier and brownier in front of them and another brown hill sank greyer and greyer behind them," as they sped on close in the wake of hounds; nor how, far behind, the field of pursuers toiled in the least satisfactory of all chases, only buoyed up by the hope of being somewhere near enough to hear the baying of hounds round a dying stag. They have been watching only the pack streaming like a torrent of foam through the dark masses of heather, listening only to the music made by their horses' hoofs. But now willing steeds are beginning to bear a little heavily on the bit and falter in their stride. Ease them up the next steep or you will never see the end of this glorious chase.

From Chapman's Barrows, whence one looks over waves of wilder moorland, beyond which stretch the headland of Morthoe and the rugged cliffs of Devon, hounds swing to the left and sweep over the long sedges of Pinkery. Now skirting the dreaded swamps of Moles' Chamber, they speed like sea-birds down the heathery and gorse-clad slopes of Whitefield-common towards the deep woodlands of Bray. Then, as they come to water where the stag has "soiled," their whimper swells into a clamorous chorus that, borne backward on the breeze, makes merry music in the ears of pursuers who are still a mile or two behind the foremost five. Now down the green meadows of a winding valley, they pursue their quarry nearly to the glades and park of Castle Hill. In a deep pool they set him up to "bay." There, with heaving flanks laved by the clear amber stream; water dripping from his mane, and glistening like dew-beads on his wide-spreading antlers as he lifts them proudly and the level sunlight strikes on them; his teeth firmly clenched, and his pointed tines ready to deal stout blows at all comers, he dies, fighting sturdily to the last. Few better runs with these hounds can any man recall; and in the halls of Lord Ebrington's ancestral home at Castle Hill there does not hang the head of a more gallant stag.

H. H. S. P.



LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE NEW MUNICIPAL BUILDINGS, GLASGOW.



THE DAIRY SHOW AT THE AGRICULTURAL HALL, ISLINGTON.



THE NEW MUNICIPAL BUILDINGS,
GLASGOW.

On Saturday last, the foundation-stone of the new municipal buildings in George-square, Glasgow, was laid by Lord Provost Ure, with Masonic and civic ceremonies. The cost will be £250,000, and the new structure will cover an area of 6369 square yards. The site was formerly covered with business premises, and in acquiring the ground the Corporation expended about £172,500. A Masonic procession, and a procession of the building trades, the textile industries, the metal workers, shipwrights, and miscellaneous trades, with the people in the employ of the Corporation and the Clyde Trust, passed through some of the principal streets, and formed one of the most attractive features of the day's proceedings. In the evening the Corporation gave a banquet, and a conversazione was held in St. Andrew's Hall. Pyrotechnic displays were given in the public parks, Glasgow-green, Kelvin-grove, the Alexandra and the Queen's Park. The architect of the new Municipal Buildings is Mr. William Young, of London. His designs, in conformity with the plans for the interior prepared by Mr. Carrick, the City Architect, were preferred in competition by the arbitrator, Mr. Charles Barry, President of the Royal Institute of British Architects. The principal frontage, on the east side of George-square, will have a general elevation of 75 ft., with cupolas, to a height of 125 ft., crowning the loftier part of the edifice; the style is Italian Renaissance, with noble windows of Venetian character set between coupled Corinthian columns, and with square turrets and cupolas. The other sides will be in Cochrane-street, John-street, and George-street. The building will contain a grand banqueting-hall, Council chamber, Town Clerk's offices, and those of the City Chamberlain, and of the Finance, Lands, Gas, and Water Departments, and the Public Works. George-square is adorned with several fine statues of eminent men, and is in a central situation.

SHOOTING CAPERCAILZIE.

For him who estimates the excitement of sport rather from the weight than the number of game that falls to his gun, no other wild bird in the British Isles can compare with the great "cock of the woods." The shooting of any feathered thing twice the bulk of a common pheasant does not fall to the lot of many English sportsmen. Once, no doubt, *Tetrao Urogallus* flew free in most mountainous regions of Scotland as he does still in the gloomy forests of Scandinavia; but a hundred years or so ago the race became quite extinct among us; and since its re-introduction into the Perthshire pine-woods, on "the lands of wide Breedalbane" and among the "Ricks o' Aberfeldy," it has been confined to forests over which a few great families hold exclusive sway, rather than common to all moorland places where fir-trees grow. In spite of his size, the capercailzie is not an easy bird to shoot. When perching, the greenish-black of his plumage blends with the darkness of dense pine needles; and the reddish-brown of his consort's mottled back seems part of the ruddy branches. When driven by beaters towards a chosen corner, he comes at times with a startling suddenness and a mighty rush of wings that is somewhat disconcerting. Lucky the man who finds these birds while the day is young, on a bleak hillside among sparse plantations, where he may get many chances of a fair shot.

THE DAIRY SHOW AT ISLINGTON.

The eighth annual show of the British Dairy Farmers' Association was held last week at the Agricultural Hall, Islington. The Society aims to encourage the rearing of stock for the purposes of the dairy, and a larger and more general production of butter, cheese, and eggs, the rearing of poultry, and the improvement of the machinery and appliances used by the dairyman. This year the entries in the cattle classes were hardly so numerous as last year. In all 241 animals had been entered, as compared with 294 in 1882. Each class was, however, thoroughly well represented, some of the best-known cattle breeders and dairymen being among the exhibitors. Several shorthorns from the Queen's farm at Windsor were entered at the Show. In this class about forty pedigree and other milking cows, heifers, and two-year-old bulls were exhibited. The Jerseys made a good show; also the Ayrshires and Kerrys. There were only two Dutch animals, as compared with six last year, and there were no Swiss or Brittany cattle. There was a large number of entries in the goat classes. Poultry this year was an unusually good department, upwards of two thousand birds having been entered. Of these over nine hundred were hens, ducks, and geese, the remainder being pigeons. In the latter class a prize was offered for homing birds. These were first judged in pens, and the winners were allowed next day to fly, but were to be sent back to the Show within forty-eight hours. In the cheese department there was more Cheshire shown than was the case last year. In the Cheddar class many well-known makers from the Glastonbury and Wells districts were represented. Next in importance comes the butter department, in which the entries are also numerous, but hardly equal to last year's number. In connection with this department prizes were offered for butter-making, and lectures were to be given on the same subject. Our Sketches of the scenes in the competition of milking, churning, and cheese-making, the visit of the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, and the appearance of the calves and kids, who can hardly be expected to approve of dairy business, will be found sufficiently amusing. There was a large attendance of country visitors, and the Show proved a success. Next year the council propose to hold it about the latter end of October. This seems a desirable change, as by the end of October farmers are free from harvest work, and have more time to visit such exhibitions.

It has been decided by the local board to build a pier at Ventnor, at a cost of £20,000.

Mr. J. Oberlin Harris has been chosen Mayor of Windsor, in succession to Sir J. Devereux.

The arrivals of live stock and fresh meat at Liverpool during the week ending Oct. 6 from the United States and Canada amounted to 2280 cattle, 3157 sheep, 9231 quarters of beef, and 1526 carcasses of mutton.

We regret to hear of the serious illness of Dr. Charles Mackay. For many years he was the editor—a most efficient one—of this paper; and he has been honourably connected with literature through a long life. His numerous poems are marked by a manly simplicity, and some of his songs, set to music by Henry Russell, have been sung wherever Englishmen have gathered. An extension of the Royal bounty to such a man would surely be a graceful act, especially as the veteran *littérateur* is, we fear, in somewhat straitened circumstances.

NATIONAL SPORTS.

Racing on a Monday grows more and more out of favour in each succeeding season, so we were not at all surprised to see a very small muster on Newmarket Heath on the first day of the Second October Meeting, especially as the card was by no means a tempting one. The Cesarewitch Trial Handicap, with which proceedings began, enabled Lissmore, a new light-weight, to score his first win on Ithuriel (7 st. 8 lb.), and the style in which the boy rode gave considerable promise of future distinction. The best class of two-year-olds have had matters all their own way in handicaps this year, so the success of Prince William (8 st. 10 lb.), in the Second October Nursery Stakes, was generally anticipated, especially as Brest (8 st. 2 lb.) was the best of his five opponents. Wild Thyme was less fancied than Harvester for the Clearwell Stakes, as the filly is disfigured by an attack of warbles, and, moreover, must be getting decidedly stale from the amount of work she has done this year. Her 9 lb. penalty stopped her a long way from the finish, and, even then, Archer had desperately hard work to get Harvester home in front of Condor and Borneo, there being only two heads between the three of them.

Eight races are rather too many for a Cesarewitch day, and a very early start was necessitated by such a lengthy programme. The style in which Fantail (8 st. 12 lb.) carried off the Stand Nursery reflected great credit on Superba, who actually gave her 13 lb. and a neck beating at Lewes; and, passing over the next two events, we may get on at once to the "big race." There were several changes in the betting during the morning. The public, who dearly love a good animal, and are not much influenced by considerations of weight, stuck manfully to Corrie Roy (9 st. 8 lb.), and brought her to 7 to 1 by sheer weight of money. Don Juan (5 st. 10 lb.) momentarily deprived Hackness (7 st. 4 lb.) of her position at the head of the quotations, but soon dropped back again to second place, and Quicklime (7 st. 8 lb.), for whom his immediate connections seemed to have little fancy, receded to 8 to 1, at which price he had few supporters. Pharamond (5 st. 10 lb.) proved more in demand than Jewitt's other pair, and so much money had been laid against Girofle that the "getting out" process was rather costly. A capital start was effected at the first attempt, and first one and then another of the lightly-weighted three-year-olds took the field along at such a pace that the "ragged division" was never fairly in it. Quicklime was hopelessly beaten at the Bushes, and, in the Abingdon Bottom, the race was reduced to a match between Don Juan and Hackness, the former always having the better of it, and winning very cleverly by a length. Cosmos (6 st. 5 lb.) was beaten the same distance for second place, and Tonans (7 st. 1 lb.), Lizzie (5 st. 12 lb.), and Bendigo (6 st. 7 lb.), were close up. Little Martin received £1000 for riding the winner; and it may be noted, as a curious coincidence, that, for the third year in succession, the Duke of Hamilton's colours were carried into third place. The Royal Stakes was reduced to a match between Ossian and Grandmaster, and the St. Leger winner had not much trouble in giving 7 lb. to Lord Falmouth's colt. There were only seven runners for the Middle Park Plate on Wednesday, and as much as 10 to 1 could be had "bar two." These were Superba and Busybody, and though the former got badly away and never took a prominent position, Busybody credited Lord Falmouth and Archer with this race for the first time, after a pretty finish with Royal Fern, the Adelaide filly being a poor third.

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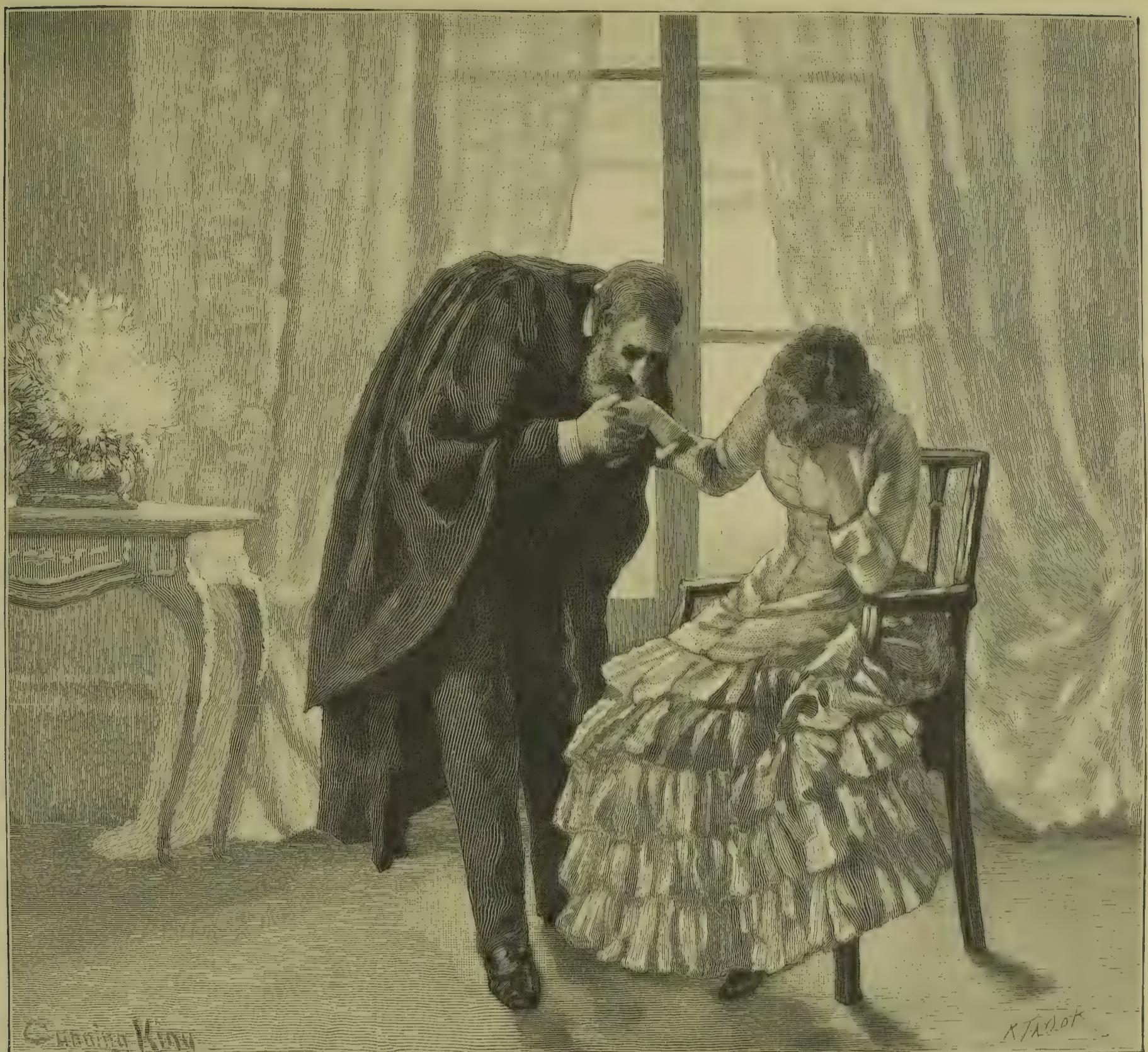
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THE



"I believe it," she murmured, and held out her little hand, which he raised reverently to his lips.

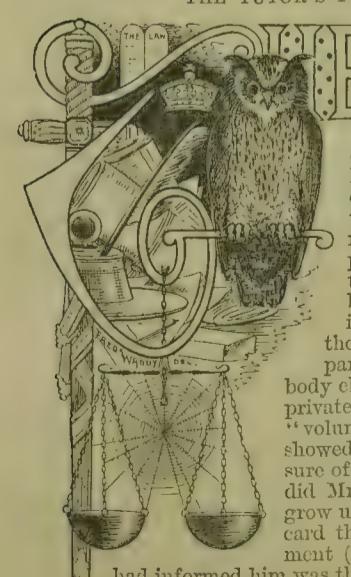
THE CANON'S WARD.

BY JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "BY PROXY," "HIGH SPIRITS," "THICKER THAN WATER," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE TUTOR'S PROPOSAL.



LITTLE dinner party at the Canon's had all the effect that he had intended it to produce, and more. It not only brought Sophy "out of her shell," but Mr. Mavors out of his. He called at the Laurels no less than three times within the next fortnight, on the transparent pretext of wishing to see the Canon (known to be glued to the Concordance in his college rooms), and though he didn't say anything particular to Sophy or anybody else, looked (as Miss Aldred privately assured her brother) "volumes." Nor, although he showed no unseemly haste to make sure of the victory he had gained, did Mr. John Adair let the grass grow under his feet. He left his card the day after the entertainment (which a book on etiquette had informed him was the proper course to pursue), and did not come in. It seemed sufficient for him to have satisfied himself that the two ladies were in good health. But on the following Monday, when Mr. Frederic Irton had left for London, he dropped in after luncheon time. He found both Aunt Maria and Sophy rather melancholy about little Stevie, who was very delicate, and had again succumbed to some malady; the circumstance rather gratified him than

otherwise, since he was able to adopt a graver tone than he could otherwise have well put on, while it afforded a topic for the younger lady to converse with him upon without embarrassment. He felt that this was an important point gained, and was not at all disappointed that for the present he was not given an opportunity of seeing her alone. Without ever having read the story of "The Beauty and the Beast," he recognised the advantage of gradual familiarity with an object of apprehension. He did not conceal from himself for a moment that Sophy was secretly afraid of him. Even with the power that his knowledge of her secret gave him, he understood his task was to be no easy one; that he had to raise not only a dead weight of indifference, but to remove a certain sense of oppression which his previous conduct had produced. Jeannette's warning words had in this matter been very seasonable, and he had laid them to heart. From henceforth he dropped no syllable to Sophy that could have suggested mastery, or that she was in any way under his thumb. By this judicious course of treatment, joined to a manner of great but respectful tenderness, Adair succeeded in inducing in her a feeling of acquiescence; she began to contemplate the prospect of becoming his wife without a shudder, and even flattered herself that it was not a case of compulsion.

A circumstance took place in a few weeks which shook "the low beginnings" of this pleasant faith to its foundations.

By this time Adair was a constant, nay, almost a daily, visitor at the Laurels; he had become so much at home there that Miss Aldred, whom he treated with studied deference, began to look upon him less as her brother's protégé than as a friend of the family.

The continued illness of their little neighbour had been a source of great anxiety to the kind old lady, and put marriage and giving in marriage so out of her mind that she had almost forgotten to think of the young man as a possible suitor for Sophy's hand.

On a certain afternoon that young lady had seen from her window Adair coming towards the house as usual, and when the

door-bell rang, had gone down to receive him in the drawing-room. It had become a thing of course for her to do so, when, as was generally the case at that hour, Aunt Maria was not at home. She was exceedingly surprised therefore when, instead of Mr. Adair, the butler announced Mr. Mavors. He wore a graver look than usual, and for the moment it struck her that something was amiss with the Canon, which the Tutor had come to tell her.

"You have no bad news, I hope, Mr. Mavors," she said, with a little flutter at her heart.

"I hope not," he answered, smiling. "Is it so very strange, Miss Sophy, that I should pay you a visit?"

"It is not a favour we are accustomed to very frequently," she answered, smiling. "You are like an order of merit, Mr. Mavors, of which we are very proud, but which is not put on save upon high days and holidays."

"And then only worn on the outside," observed the Tutor, significantly.

"Nay, next the heart," said Sophy, laughing; "at least," she added, quickly perceiving by the other's face that her compliment had been taken *au sérieux*, and gone farther than she had intended, "I believe orders are worn on the left hand, are they not?"

Here the countenance of the Tutor, which had been lit up with evident pleasure, became grave again even to depression. As a man who knew everything except botany, he could doubtless have told her on which side medals were worn, but that point remained unsolved.

"I have ventured to come here, Miss Sophy," he said, with some hesitation, and in a much lower tone than was his wont, "at an hour when I had reason to believe you would be found alone, to say a few words upon my own account."

She bowed, but remained silent; it would not have been easy for her to speak, even had she been so minded. It was not, as we know, the first time, nor, to say truth, the second, nor the third, that Miss Sophy Gilbert had seen a man at her feet; but this man, her instinct told her, was of a very different

kind from those she had been accustomed to see in that position. There was a difference in years, but to that, strange to say, she was for the moment oblivious; the distinction which she recognised was one of character.

"You have hitherto known me, Miss Sophy, only as your guardian's friend; it is quite possible that you have never thought of me as an independent entity at all, or if at all, as a mere fogey—a college don."

"That is a subject," said Sophy, quietly, but with a tremor in her tone that betrayed not a little emotion, for his unwonted modesty, or rather the feeling which she well knew dictated it, had touched her—"that is a subject upon which I am quite unqualified to speak. I am as ignorant as those who would, perhaps, apply to you the epithets you mention; but I am not so stupid as to think with them. My guardian has, however, often told me that you are a very learned and distinguished gentleman, and I believe him."

Mr. Mavors waved his hand as though he would have put that by as nothing.

"The knowledge which I may possess," he said, contemptuously, but in a tone nevertheless, which implied a consciousness of possessing it, "avails me nothing on the errand on which I am come to day. My reputation, such as it is, is, I feel, since it presupposes mature years, by no means a recommendation to me; and yet I am not so very old as the judgment of youth, like your own, may have decided. I don't look quite a patriarch, I hope, Miss Sophy?" he added, with a forced smile.

"Indeed, Mr. Mavors," you do not."

Nor did he. It was not only that the grey beard and white head was wanting; but the look with which he regarded her, though benevolent enough, was by no means patriarchal. If Aunt Maria had seen it, indeed, she would certainly have plumed herself upon her sagacity, and exclaimed, "Now, didn't I say he was in love with her?" And Miss Sophy was at least as good a judge of the tender passion as the more mature lady. Perhaps she had corroborated his disclaimer with too much alacrity, for once more that look of pleasure and of hope came into his eyes; but she felt a sincere pity for this honest gentleman—a pity, too, that was akin to tenderness, if not to love. And it was not in her nature to conceal her feelings: except upon compulsion, she was always frank.

"My life hitherto," he went on, "has been passed in pursuits with which it is impossible that a young woman can sympathise; but, unlike most men similarly placed, I am not wedded to them. I could give them up without regret; and I think I am not too old to assimilate myself to new conditions. The very way in which I express myself is, I am well aware, unsuitable to the subject on which I would speak. I throw myself upon your charity to excuse all that; to make allowance also for many other things. I am a very humble suitor, Miss Sophy, but a genuine one. My heart is sound but not hard, I hope; yet you are the first woman that has ever made an impression on it. For that reason, perhaps your image has struck the deeper into it. I have hitherto lived for myself alone. When I am in your presence the very thought of self vanishes; it seems to me that the highest happiness would be to live with you."

Though the Tutor's style was somewhat high-flown, and, as he himself had said, unsuitable to a declaration of love, it was not unsuitable to him; on the contrary, it became him, while his manner had the earnestness and simplicity of a child. It was plain he was deeply moved. Now was Sophy's demeanour by any means stoical. She felt for him with all her heart—and she felt for herself too. Young as she was, she had learnt, by bitter experience, how short-lived is passion without esteem; and while conscious of her own unworthiness, she felt that this man esteemed her. The time of day dreams and illusions had for her been prematurely cut short. She no longer yearned for love: she wanted affection, quiet, and safety. This man would, she felt, be kind and loyal to her at all times: a man of honour, and a true gentleman—not of the conventional kind. Such an alliance would, without doubt, have the approval of her guardian and Aunt Maria; it would bring her once more into the fold of their affection, from which she had only not been driven forth because she had deceived them. Such a prospect might not be dazzling, but it offered repose, comfort, and even happiness. Something in her eyes (it was a tear) betrayed her thoughts, and filled her companion with high expectation.

"Is it possible, dear Sophy," he exclaimed, with trembling joy, "that, in spite of all that is to be said against me, you are not altogether indifferent to me?"

He had made a movement towards her, but she stretched out her hand, with the palm upwards, to prevent it.

"That I am not indifferent to you, Mr. Mavors, unless respect, esteem, and even affectionate regard be indifference, is quite true, but I can never marry you."

"You think that now," he pleaded, "I have taken you too much by surprise; you are astonished at my presumption, no doubt; and no wonder."

"No, no," she answered, earnestly; "there is no presumption. The unworthiness is on my side, not on yours. But—do not urge it—do not press it—(for she saw that he was about to speak). I am engaged to another."

"Engaged? Engaged to be married?"

"Yes. It was not my intention to make it known—that is, yet awhile. But you have a right to know it. I have promised Mr. Adair to marry him."

Mr. Mavors did not, I think, dislike young men so much as he pretended to do; if he did, he often took a strange way of showing it—by assisting them when it was necessary, not only by his advice and influence, but by his purse; but there was one young man whom at that moment he certainly did dislike with genuine vehemence. His instinct seemed to tell him that the young scholar could never be the man of this girl's choice: that Sophy should love him appeared an impossibility. He could as easily have imagined her becoming charmed of the square root of minus one: it was incredible. But not only did he feel Adair to be unfit for her; he was also very unfavourably impressed with the young man's character. He suspected he had learnt the length of the Canon's foot, and was taking advantage of that information. He thought him an adventurer, a schemer. And his own Sophy—or rather the Sophy he would have made his own if she would have permitted it—was going to marry this charlatan of the higher mathematics!

"Is this quite fixed, Miss Gilbert?" he asked, in low despondent tones. "Can nothing alter it?"

"Nothing." She sighed heavily, as though she would have added, "I sincerely regret to say." But when he looked up with quick inquiring gaze, as if to ask what that sigh meant, she repeated with decision, "Nothing."

"I am very, very sorry," he murmured, softly.

"And so am I," she answered; "that is," she put in quickly, "sorry if you feel it so much, for your disappointment. There is no woman in the world who might not be proud of an offer from such a one as you, Mr. Mavors; and I am very proud, very sensible of the honour you would have conferred upon me. We shall always be friends, I know."

"Friends! Oh, yes, it can never be otherwise," he replied, pathetically. "My heart will be in your keeping always,

though you will not know it. Friends! Well, I hope you may never want a friend; but if you do—a friend in need—if I am a'ye you will know where to find one. Good-by, Miss Sophy; pray, pray do not suffer yourself to be so moved upon my account"—for the girl was crying bitterly. "If I had thought it would have distressed you so, I would never have spoken."

"I believe it," she murmured, and held out her little hand, which he raised reverently to his lips. Then, without once looking back at her, he left the room and let himself out at the front door. Two Trinity men met him in Trumpington-street on his way home, and raised their caps. For once in his life, he took no notice of their salutation.

"How old Mavors is getting to look!" said one of these young gentlemen.

In any case forty-five would have seemed an age to him; but his observation was correct enough. Mr. Mavors was getting to look old; but the change, as it sometimes does, had taken place very suddenly with him—within, indeed, the last twenty minutes. If he could have seen what was taking place at the Laurels he would have looked older still.

Sophy, locked in her own room, had thrown herself upon her little bed in a paroxysm of tears. She did not, indeed, feel desolate and forlorn as he did. Her heart was not in his keeping, as he had described his own to be in hers; their respective feelings were in each case the reverse of what from their relative ages they might have been expected to be. Sophy felt that she had lost a man who loved her, and would have made her happy—one whom she would have willingly, nay, thankfully, have married, had she dared. Her cruel fate had reserved her for another, in whom, alas! however she strove to persuade herself to the contrary, she had no such confidence. She was like one who walks with open eyes, but spellbound, into a pitfall.

CHAPTER XXX.

LITTLE PITCHERS HAVE LONG EARS.

When Sophy had seen Adair coming up towards the gate of the Laurels, she naturally took it for granted that he was coming in; but the fact was he had caught sight of Mr. Mavors going up the gravel sweep to make his call, and though Adair little guessed his errand, he felt no inclination to follow in his wake. "Two are company, three are none," is a proverb pretty generally accepted; but when one of the party is a tutor of his college, and another a scholar of the same, the truth of the saying is borne in upon the scholar with particular significance. Adair, however, was always averse to lose any of his valuable time; and, finding himself in the neighbourhood, he thought it a good opportunity to call at the Laburnums to inquire after little Stevie. The visitation of the sick, juvenile or otherwise, was not much in his line, nor could he, by the utmost stretch of charity, be said to be fond of children; but he had no objection to a character for philanthropy if it was to be got cheap, while it was of especial importance to him to conciliate the Helfords. He knew he would have a prejudice to remove in the case of at least one of the inmates of the Laburnums, and though he was not a man to shrink from anything unpleasant where to face it was essential to his interests, this knowledge had deterred him from making any advances hitherto; to-day, however, circumstances had put the thing in his way. Moreover, he had brought a bouquet, nominally for Miss Aldred, but in reality intended for Sophy, and a third destination for it now suggested itself to him; he would pretend that he had brought it to adorn the sick room of the little invalid. Though, as we have said, by no means close-fisted when it was his interest to be otherwise, Mr. John Adair had a frugal mind, and made even a bouquet go as far as possible. Still the bouquet—very large—was a little embarrassing; he didn't dare leave it in the hall, lest some officious hand should stick it in a glass vase and appropriate it for general ornamentation; nor could he, when introduced into the drawing-room, hold it in his hand like a floral emblem when paying his good mornings to the ladies: he therefore kept it in his hat, from which it protruded as from a flower-pot, and gave the undesired impression that he was about to perform a conjuring trick for their amusement.

"The servant tells me, Mrs. Helford," he observed with emotion, "that your dear little grandson is better. I should hardly have ventured to intrude my presence on you if it were not for that assuring intelligence."

"Yes, he is better, thank you," returned the widow, graciously; "my daughter was just telling me that he has sunk into a refreshing sleep."

"I suppose," said Adair, emboldened by this information (which seemed to secure him from all consequences of so rash a suggestion), "that the dear little soul does not care to see strangers."

"On the contrary, he likes new faces," replied the widow. "Now that he is getting better, nothing pleases him better than to hold receptions in his apartment. I am sure my daughter, who is mistress of the ceremonies, will be happy to introduce you."

"Are you fond of children, Mr. Adair?" inquired Henny, naively.

"Indeed, I hope so. Lavater says, you know, 'Avoid that man who dislikes the laugh of a child.'"

"Our poor Stevie," said Henny, "has not been laughing much, I am sorry to say, just lately."

Adair felt that his little quotation had somehow missed fire. His chagrin, however, enabled him all the better to adopt a tone more befitting the seriousness of the occasion.

"True—too true," he sighed. "None but a mother, or at least a grandmother, or an aunt, can understand these matters—I mean what it is to miss the smile from a child's lips, and to see the print of pain there in its stead."

"Yes, yes," said Mrs. Helford, "I am sure you feel for us. It was only because you thought you would be in the way during our trouble, as I was telling my daughter only yesterday, that you did not call."

"They have been discussing me, then," said Adair to himself, and, as it seemed, not altogether favourably, since he had needed a defender.

"That, indeed, was the sole reason, Mrs. Helford. I had not forgotten your kind invitation, you may be sure." Then he turned to Henny.

"Mr. Irton has left Cambridge, I understand. I had hoped to have had the pleasure of seeing him before he left, but somehow we didn't meet."

As Irton had arranged their visits to the Canon's rooms with the express intention of avoiding Adair, the truthful Henny could hardly say that her Frederic reciprocated this friendly feeling.

"His time was very short," she answered.

Here, as conversation languished, the visitor thought it a good opportunity for producing his bouquet.

"What beautiful flowers," exclaimed Henny; "but you don't mean to say they are for us?"

"It is not every young man, I am sure," cried the widow, parenthetically, "who thinks of paying us such graceful attention," and she cast a side glance at her daughter, which seemed to say, "I know a young solicitor in whose practice the matter of bouquets is altogether wanting."

"Oh, it is nothing worth speaking of," murmured Adair; "but since there was illness in the house, I thought a few flowers"—here he stammered and hesitated; he felt that he had introduced the thing in terms that suggested a sanitary precaution, or an antidote.

"But it is the thought which is so charming," said Mrs. Helford, who had already produced a vase, and was taking the flowers out of their fastening.

As she had thus appropriated them as an ornament for her drawing-room, Adair could hardly explain that they were meant for other purposes; while, at the same time, he felt the absurdity of bringing the widow such a present, and how it would be set down by his enemies as an attempt to secure her good graces.

As for Henny, she was half amused and half ashamed, having, probably, a premonition of the fun that Mr. Frederic Irton would make of it when he came to hear of what had happened.

It was clear to Adair that though he had pleased the widow he had failed in his more important object of making a good impression upon her daughter. What had seemed a few minutes ago to be such a happy thought had turned out, in short, rather a ludicrous fiasco.

"We are very quiet people, you know, Mr. Adair," pursued the hostess, "and don't give dinner parties; but perhaps you will come to tea with us some evening, and we will try and get some clever people like yourself—perhaps Mr. Mavors—to meet you."

Adair stammered his thanks. He was overwhelmed, not only with the charming prospect of this entertainment, but by the consciousness that Miss Helford was agitated by inward mirth.

What a muddle-headed old woman this was, and what a fool he was, himself, to have blundered into her good graces in so absurd a fashion. His senses seemed absolutely deserting him; he forgot altogether the little scheme of conciliation that he had concocted, and was only bent upon getting out of the house without further disaster.

Mrs. Helford began to talk to him of the coming examinations (which, even with the ladies, in a University town, is a topic of conversation if not of interest). "We all know who is going to be Senior Wrangler this year. Do we not?" she observed, archly.

"Indeed!" he said. He had some idea it was some sort of riddle this dreadful old person was asking. "I am sure I can't guess."

"Now, I like that," she said. She seemed, indeed, to like whatever he said; for which he didn't feel at all inclined to thank her. "Modesty," here again she glowered significantly at Henny, "is so rare among young men of the present day, and when it doesn't exist there can be, to my mind, no true merit."

By the pained look which passed over his younger companion's face, Adair felt that he was getting another knock-down blow. Had this girl, then, such a prejudice against him that she even wanted him to fail in the mathematical tripos! So far as Sophy was concerned, he was, as we are aware of, by this time secure. But there was no knowing what effect antagonistic forces from without might still have upon his engagement. He had only the Canon upon his side—and Jeannette—for certain; Miss Aldred was but a doubtful ally. That Henny was hostile to him he now felt sure. When he thought how he had gone out of his way to win her good word, and all for nothing, he felt almost out of his mind with vexation. Hardly knowing what he was about, he snatched up his hat and muttered something about reading and his private tutor.

"Quite right," observed Mrs. Helford, approvingly; "never neglect your studies. You must not forget your promise to take tea with us; tea stimulates the intellectual faculties, or I wouldn't ask you."

He looked so distressed and worried when he took his leave that Henny felt real pity for him; as the drawing-room bell remained unanswered, she even went out into the little hall with him. Here, then, was an opportunity for saying something pleasant and plausible to her out of hearing of that marplot, her mother. But to Adair the chance had come too late, and he was unable to collect his faculties. As he stood on the doorstep, with her hand lightly held in his, he could think of nothing else to say than "How is little Stevie?"

Anything more ludicrous than such an inquiry, considering the supposed object of his call, and the whole previous conversation, it would be difficult to imagine; but the fact was he had forgotten everything except his failure.

"Stevie!" she said, withdrawing her hand from his with some abruptness; "why, I thought you came on purpose to inquire about him?"

"So I did," he said; and, indeed, so he had done; then, with some presence of mind induced by the urgency of the occasion, he added, "the fact is, my dear Miss Helford, I am reading very hard. I can hardly recollect anything, except my problems, two minutes together."

It was really a fine stroke of ingenuity, and so far it deserved to succeed. Unhappily for Mr. Adair, problems in Henny's mind did not hold so important a place as they might have done: if kindness and unselfishness had been "subjects" in the Senate House she would have taken honours, but even the highest mathematics were in her opinion mere simple addition as compared with little Stevie's state of health.

"You must be reading hard, indeed," she answered, coldly; "I think a little too hard, Mr. Adair—Good morning."

She did not actually tip him down the steps, but the door closed uncommonly close behind him. This was fortunate, for it prevented her from hearing an ejaculation which the extremity of the young man's chagrin forced from his lips; and which, if it did not actually express the situation, was not wanting in vehemence. It would have been pardonable enough, considering the weakness of human nature, if Henny Helford had gone back to her mother with a revised version of this incident, and the pertinent inquiry "What do you think of your precious protégé now?" But it was a curious characteristic of hers, whenever she felt indignation against a fellow-creature, to lock it in her own heart, not to nurse it and keep it warm, but to prevent the fire spreading and doing the offending person an injury. Instead of returning to the drawing-room, therefore (which was the way to temptation), she went straight up stairs to the child's sick-room, where it was impossible "to let angry passions rise."

Little Stevie had awakened from his sleep, and was sitting up in bed, with a sliding table before him, engaged in destroying Sebastopol with cannon; he was still very weak, and could only direct an ineffectual and languid force (of dried peas) upon the fortifications. The mimic performance bade fair to rival the original in duration; but, for all that, it was plain that the invalid had made progress. He was an original little fellow, with everything in miniature about him except his eyes, which were larger than a grown man's, and had about ten times the ordinary amount of expression in them.

"Where have you been, Henny, dear?"

"Down in the drawing-room, love."

"What did you go there for and leave me?" inquired this despot.

"Well, you were asleep, my darling, and I have been helping grandmamma to entertain visitors."

"What visitors?"

"Mr. Adair."

"Why do you call him visitors? He's not Mr. Adairs."

"Quite right, Stevie. I ought to have said a visitor."

Assuaged by this tribute to his superior sagacity and knowledge of the English language, Stevie ceased to be severe. He aimed a shot at the Mamelon, missed it, and, sinking back upon his little pillow, exchanged warfare for the tender emotions.

"Dearest Henny, do you love Mr. Adair?" he inquired.

"No, Stevie; certainly not. Why do you ask such an extraordinary question?"

"But you love Freddy, don't you?"

"I hope so," said Henny, blushing even in the presence of so tiny an auditor.

"When Freddy was staying in Cambridge, he used to come and call; and now Mr. Adair comes and calls," said Stevie, with the air of one who intrenches himself in a strong logical position.

"But Mr. Adair came to call on grandmamma."

"What did he do that for?" demanded Stevie, naïvely. "She's not pretty."

"What has that to do with it, Stevie?—though, indeed, she is very nice-looking for her age. You love her dearly, I am sure, though she does not happen to be young."

"Oh, Mr. Adair loves her, does he! I see."

This ridiculous statement, associating itself as it did with Frederic's fun about her having the young scholar for a father-in-law, almost upset Henny's gravity.

"You don't understand these matters, my dear," she answered. "Mr. Adair called here out of politeness, and also, as he said (she could not help putting a little stress on the "said"), to inquire after our little invalid. That's you, you know."

"What is it?" inquired Stevie, with awakening interest. "No more soldiers, I hope; I'm sick of soldiers. Is it a picture-book, a barking dog, or a windmill that goes round, and round, and round?"

"Mr. Adair did not bring any toy for you, Stevie; you must not always think of getting presents from everybody."

"I don't believe Mr. Adair came to call on grandmamma," said Stevie, resolutely. "I don't believe he came to inquire after me. I am not contradicting you, Henny—I know it's rude to contradict—because you can't be sure of what he came for. You can only have guessed at it; now my guess is different."

To this ultimatum, as argument with Stevie was impossible, and, moreover, forbidden by the doctor, Henny made no reply; but busied herself in putting the bed to rights and making the child comfortable.

"A woman may marry two husbands," observed the irrepressible one presently. "Mrs. Carver (the charwoman) told me she had had two, and asked me to make the third, only I wouldn't."

"What has that to do with Mr. Adair, you silly child?"

"Well, perhaps Mr. Adair and Fred both want to marry you."

"Mrs. Carver's first husband must have died before she married her second," explained Henny, preferring to discuss the general question rather than the case in point.

"I see; then, if I am right, Mr. Adair wishes Fred was dead."

"My dear Stevie, you are talking great nonsense, and, what is worse, very wicked nonsense. Let me tell you once and for all—for you chatter so to Mrs. Carver and everybody you come across, that there is no knowing what mischief you may make—that there is no question of Mr. Adair being in love with anybody. He has made a call, it is true, but he does not call on me as Fred used to do. I don't receive him alone, but only when grandmamma is at home. That makes all the difference."

"I see, I've got it all now," said Stevie. "I understand what Mrs. Carver was driving at the other day when she was talking to nurse, and thought I was fast asleep. If you had received Mr. Adair 'times and times' (as Mrs. Carver said) when grandmamma was known to be out of doors, that would show that you were in love with him."

"I don't know about that, Stevie," said Henny, smiling, in spite of herself; "but it would show that I ought to be, and I suppose that I should be engaged to marry him instead of Frederic."

"Very well, then, I'll tell you a secret, Henny," said Stevie, beckoning her close, so as to whisper in her ear, "I don't know, as you say, whether she's in love with him or not, but Sophie is engaged to be married to Mr. Adair."

(To be continued.)

AFTER A ROUGH PASSAGE.

Transmarine tourists, who may have braved the Channel passage in the calm and sunny days of August with cheerful complacency, sometimes experience a brief ordeal of physical discomfort and inward disturbance on their return to the English shore. Worse are the sufferings, in bad weather of the equinoctial period, that too often await the homeward voyage, in the Irish sea, of those who have lingered at Killarney, or at the Giant's Causeway, or who have unwarily chosen the steam-boat, instead of the railway, for their homeward conveyance from the Western Highlands of Scotland, rather late in the season, encountering the rude autumnal gales. Sea-sickness is far more distressing than home-sickness or love-sickness, for it disturbs both mind and body, and there is no dignity of refined sentiment about this most painful affection. It may indeed be a cure for excessive sentimentalism, as it is said to have cured the affection of extreme aestheticism in the person of a notable professor who recently crossed the Atlantic. Insular patriotism, at any rate, even in "the man of soul so dead, Who never to himself hath said, This is my own, my native land," might be provoked to wish that he had stayed at home, instead of "wandering on a foreign strand," when the stomach, which is so apt to reprove human errors, rises in vehement admonition to punish an uncalled-for maritime venture. This persuasion, however, is merely the remorseful feeling of the passing hour, though terribly convinced and conscientious while it endures; and we by no means hold the opinion which Horace seems to have entertained, that to embark in a seagoing vessel is an act of impiety, since Jupiter has ordained that lands shall be separated from each other by water, and that presumptuous mortals who persist in crossing, without the "robur et as triplex" of privileged heroism to fortify their bosoms, deserve to be made very sick. The polished Roman, it seems, was less valiant on the waves than the "hardy Norseman"; or else in that luxurious age when courtiers and poets dined sumptuously at the table of Augustan Mæcenas, the Roman cockney—for such he was—had grown too fat and lazy, and had spoiled his liver with too much good eating and drinking, until he was fain to confess, at times, that "tervens difficili bile tunet jecur." This complaint is as old as Jonah, which things are perhaps an allegory; and when poets, scholars, or philosophers are afflicted with the *mal de mer*, there is no supernatural

belief too wild for their credence. Hence the Homeric myth of Scylla and Charybdis, that of the Symplegades, and that of Davy Jones, which is not less sublime, with some, perhaps, of the marine marvels upon which Mr. Henry Lee, Fellow of the Zoological Society, has written a learned and entertaining treatise, "Sea Fables Explained," one of the handbooks to the International Fisheries Exhibition just issued. Antiquity romances, as we know, of the Mermaid, of the Kraken or Great Sea Serpent, the Remora, which fastens on a ship's keel and stops its course, the Leviathan, which upsets the largest vessel, and the Hydra, with many arms and claws, by which a three-banked galley, despite the efforts of oarsmen and steersman, is caught and dragged to the bottom. All these fables were possibly begotten of an agonised stomach and a gloomy imagination, under the influence of cruel sea-sickness, in short passages between the ports of Greece and Asia Minor, the Ionian Isles, or Sicily, before ever natural history thought of being scientific. Modern travellers, in the steam-boats of the present day, have no such poetical fancies to beguile their anguish with, and must bear it as well as they can.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications relating to this department of the Paper should be addressed to the Editor, and have the word "Chess" written on the envelope.

F O'N H (Liverpool).—If White, in No. 2030, play as you suggest, 1. Q to Q 8th, then 1. K to B 7th; 2. Q to B sq, K to K 7th, and there is no mate next move.

F B F (Dublin).—It was noticed a few weeks ago. We will inquire about the other matters referred to.

C F (Tooting).—We regret your solution of No. 2030 was not acknowledged in due course. It is correct.

ALPHA.—The surroundings you describe were unfavourable to reflection; hence, no doubt, the slip. See note to the problem below.

F M (Woodbridge).—You can, of course, withdraw the problem referred to. The last is extremely neat, but, unfortunately, it admits of a solution beginning 1. K to Q 6th, if Black reply with 1. K to B 6th. White continues with 2. R to K 2nd; and if with 1. K to B 6th, then 2. R to Q 3rd, leads to our own mate.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2032 and 2033 received from Amateur (Mauritius); of No. 2060 from Carl Friedlein (omitted); of Nos. 2160 and 2061 from H B; of No. 2061 from B H C (Salisbury), Café Xavier (Brussels), and Lavinia Grove.

CONNECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2062 received from H B, R Worts (Canterbury), Ben Nevil, W Warren, D W Kell, H Reeve, An Old Hand, M Tipping, W T Aman, Geddes, C Oswald, S Bullen, F Ferris, C Darragh, L Falcon (Antwerp), A W Scoveton, G W Law, Aaron Harper, L L Greenaway, H Lucas, C W Wilson, W Hillier, B H Brooks, A B Street, T C H (Worthing), H Blacklock, E Casella (Paris), N S Harris, T G M Ross, A Tweddell, G J Coxhead, Shadwell, B R Wood, R J Vines, G S Oldfield, A Karberg (Hamburg), Justice Junior, L Wyman, Keith, Otto Fulder (Ghent), G S Cox, Thomas Waters, R T Kemp, H Wardell, E London, M O'Halloran, G A Bullingall, F M (Edinburgh), W Dewe, G Huskisson, E J Poso (Haarlem), and Carl Friedlein.

NOTE.—Correspondents who have sent us proposed solutions of this problem by way of 1. K to B 6th, 1. B takes P, or 1. K to K 4th, 6th, 6th, are invited to re-examine the position. Black has a good defence to any of these moves in 1. Kt takes P. To 1. Kt takes Kt the defence is 1. K to K 4th, and should White continue with 2. Kt to K 4th, then 2. P to K 4th prevents the mate on the third move.

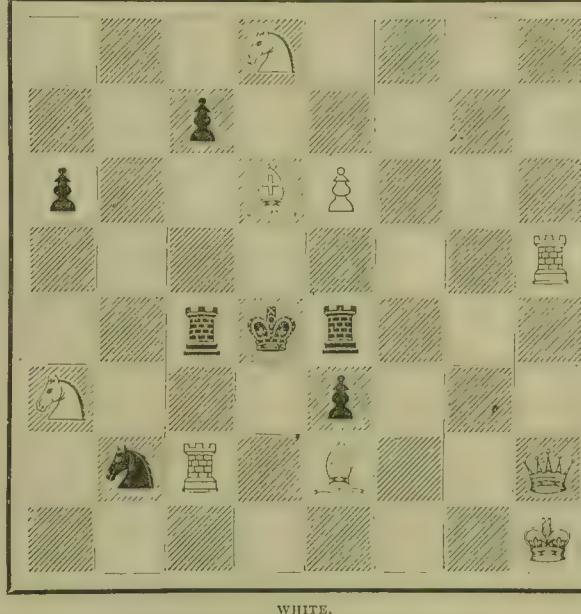
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2061.

WHITE. 1. Q to B 2nd. BLACK. Any move

PROBLEM NO. 2064.

By T. B. ROWLAND, Dublin.

BLACK.



White to play, and mate in two moves.

AN OFF-HAND SKIRMISH BETWEEN MESSRS. THOROLD AND MILLS.

(Allgaier Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. T.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)	WHITE (Mr. T.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	17. P takes P	P takes 1'
2. P to K B 4th	P takes P	18. P to B 4th	Kt to B 3rd
3. Kt to K B 3rd	P to K 4th	19. K to Kt 3rd	
4. P to K R 4th	P to K 5th	Black's game has suddenly gone to pieces, and he has no satisfactory reply to this coup.	
5. Kt to K 5th	P to K R 3rd	19.	Q to K 5th
6. Kt takes P	K takes Kt	20. P takes P	Q takes P (ch)
7. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	21. B to K 3rd	Q takes K P
8. P to B 6th	Kt to K B 3rd	22. P takes B (ch)	K to B 8q
9. P to K 5th	Kt to K 5th	23. B to B 4th	B to B 4th (ch)
10. B to Q 3rd	B to K 3rd	24. K to R sq	Q to K 2nd
11. Castles	K to K sq	25. Q R to Q B sq	Q takes B
12. Kt to B 3rd	Kt takes Kt	26. R takes B	Q to K 5th (ch)
13. P takes Kt	K takes K R P	27. K to Kt sq	R to K sq
There is no time for skirmishing. Better have played out the pieces on the Queen's side, and thus provide a retreat for his King.			
14. P to K Kt 3rd	Q to K 2nd	28. B to K 5th	
15. B to Kt 6th (ch)	K to Q 2nd	29. P to K 7th	Q to Kt 3rd
16. P to B 4th	P to B 3rd	30. R to K B 6th	Q to Kt sq

A brief and amusing Game played in the Nuremberg Tournament between Messrs. LOUIS PAULSEN and BIER.

(Scotch Gambit.)

WHITE (Herr P.)	BLACK (Herr B.)	WHITE (Herr P.)	BLACK (Herr B.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	Black evidently overlooked the purport of White's last move; 10. Q to K 6th (ch) would have given him time.	
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	11. Kt takes Kt	B takes B
3. P to Q 4th	P takes P	12. B to K 5th (ch)	Kt to Q B 3rd
4. Kt takes P	B to B 4th	13. Kt takes P (ch)	K to B sq
5. B to K 3rd	Q to B 3rd	14. Q takes B	R to Kt sq
6. P to Q 3rd	Kt to K 2nd	15. Q to B 5th (ch)	Q to K 2nd
7. Q to Q 2nd	Kt to Q sq	16. Q takes Q (ch)	
8. P to K B 4th	P to Q 3rd	and Black resigned.	
9. B to Q 3rd	Kt to K 3rd		
10. P to K 5th	P takes P		

Such of our readers as are interested in what, for want of a better word, we may call "coincidences," will find some amusement in comparing the first prize three-move problem of the Nuremberg tourney (No. 2034, Aug. 4, 1883) with a position published many years ago. The author of the following problem was George N. Cheney, a brilliant young American composer, who was, unfortunately, killed in one of the earliest battles between the North and the South.

White: K at K B sq, Q at Q R sq, B's at Q 7th and Q Kt 6th, Kts at K Kt 4th and 6th, Pawns at K B 5th, Q 3rd, and Q Kt 2nd. (Nine pieces.)

Black: K at Q 4th, R's at K R 2nd and K B sq, Kts at Q 8th and Q Kt 4th, Pawns at K Kt 4th and 6th, Pawns at K B 5th, Q 3rd, and Q Kt 2nd. (Eight pieces.)

White to play, and mate in two moves.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will and codicil, both executed on Aug. 20, 1883, of Sir Francis Savage Reilly, Q.C., K.C.M.G., late of No. 21, Delahay-street, Westminster, who died on Aug. 27 last, at Bournemouth, Lawrence, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £94,000. The testator gives his freehold and leasehold houses and lands at Sandgate to his sisters, Jane Hester Reilly and Theodosia Harriet Reilly; and legacies to relatives, executors, clerks, servants, and others. The residue of his real and personal property is to be divided between his brother, General Edmund Reilly, R.A., C.B., and his said two sisters.

The will (dated Sept. 30, 1882) of the Hon. Wyndham Edward Campbell Stanhope, son of the seventh Earl of Harrington, late of Stanhope Lodge, Cowes, Isle of Wight, who died on July 27 last, was proved on the 15th ult. by the Hon. Lincoln Edwin Stanhope, the brother, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £15,000. The testator divides the £15,000 left to him by his father among his surviving brothers and sisters, except the Earl of Harrington; and he gives his yacht, the *Titania*, with the gear and boats, to his mother, the Dowager Countess of Harrington; to Mr. George Jennings £100, and the remainder of the balance at his banker's to his brother Dudley; and the remainder of his effects to his surviving brothers, except the Earl of Harrington.

The will (dated April 28, 1881), with seven codicils (dated April 28, May 10, and Oct. 12, 1881; Feb. 10, May 16, and Nov. 13, 1882; and Feb. 13, 1883), of Mr. Robert Daglish, formerly of Aston Hall, Cheshire, but late of No. 2, Palace-green, Kensington, and of St. Helen's, Lancashire, engineer and ironfounder, who died on May 6 last, was proved on the 14th ult. by William Whitley and Thomas Bland Royden, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £178,000. The testator leaves to his wife, Mrs. Ellen Clare Daglish, in addition to the provision made for her by settlement, pecuniary legacies amounting together to £800, and, during life or widowhood, his residence in Palace-green, with all the furniture, plate, pictures, and effects, and £4500 per annum; to his nephew George Heaton Daglish, £10,000; to his nieces Ellen Daglish, Maud Daglish, and Fanny Daglish, £10,000 each; to his niece Harriet Laing, an annuity of £500 for life; and legacies and annuities to servants and others. His engineering establishment, including the freehold property at Windle, Lancashire, the machinery and his capital therein, he gives as to four tenths to his nephew George Heaton Daglish, and as to three tenths each to his nephew Robert Shaw Daglish and his great-nephew, Harry Bolton Daglish, and he also gives them his interest in the goodwill, so that, with the share the said George Heaton Daglish is already entitled to, they will share in the profits in the same proportions. The residue of his property is to be divided between the said George Heaton Daglish, Robert Shaw Daglish, Harry Bolton Daglish, Henrietta Ann Shaw Jones, Fanny Daglish, Ellen Daglish, and Maud Daglish.

The will (dated Sept. 18, 1875) of Mr. John Campbell Bayard, J.P., late of Gwernydd, Manaton, Montgomeryshire, who died on Aug. 3 last, was proved on the 14th ult. by Mrs. Funny Eugenia Campbell Bayard, the widow, and Francis Campbell Bayard, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £11,000. The testator gives to his wife his furniture, plate, jewellery, effects, horses, carriages, and live and dead farming stock; and he provides that she shall enjoy the whole of his estate, real and personal, during life. At his wife's death he leaves £5000 each to his daughters Eugenia and Ellen, and mentions that he provided for his other daughter on her marriage; all his freehold property and two thirds of the residue of the personality to his son Francis, and one third of the residue of the personality to his son Valentine.

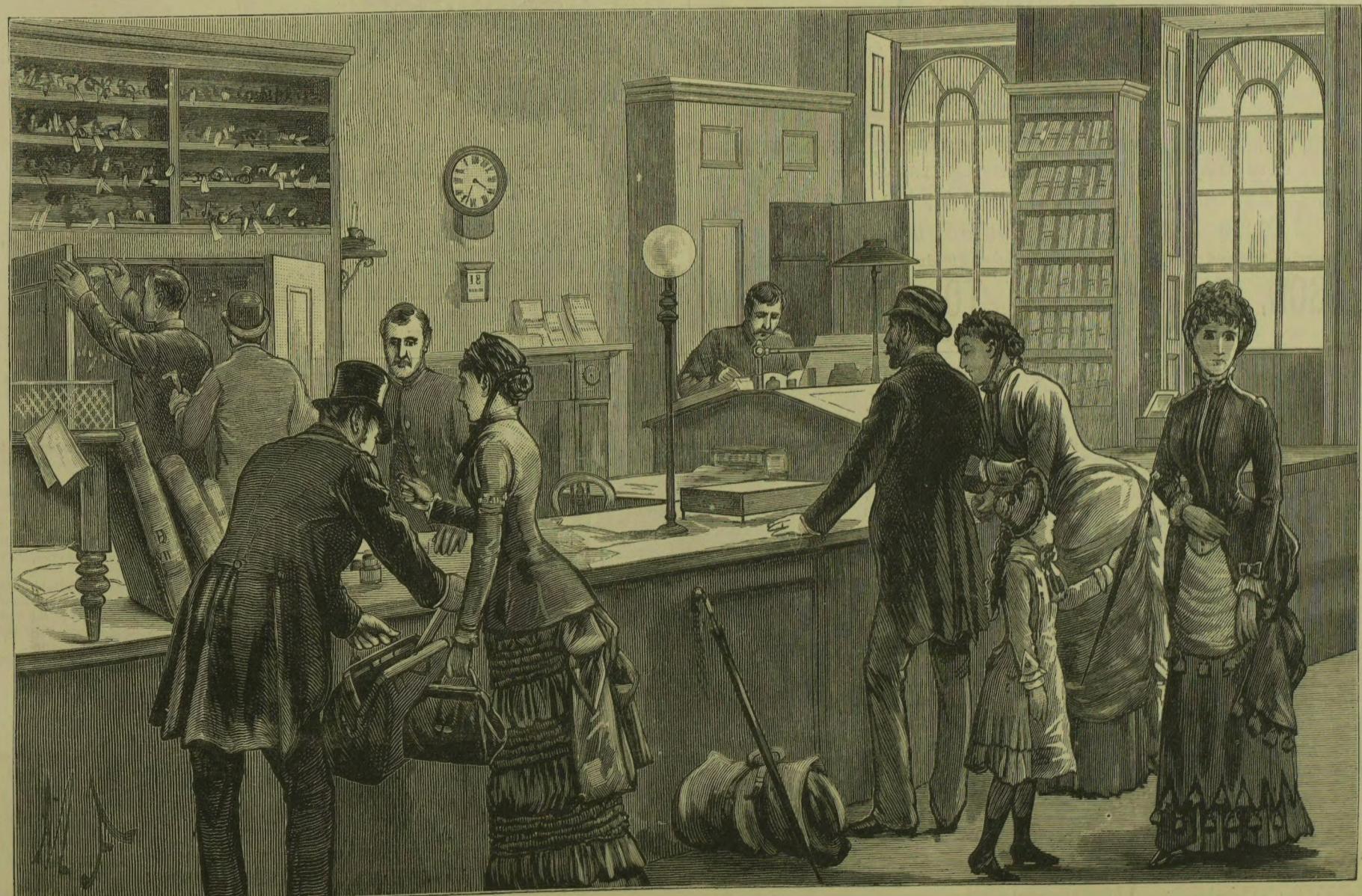
The will (dated April 7, 1883) of Mr. Thomas Bywater Smithies, late of Earlham Grove, Wood-green, proprietor of the "British Workman" and other publications, was proved on the 19th ult. by Thomas Cash, William Fry the elder, and Richard Taylor, three of the executors, the value of the



AFTER A ROUGH PASSAGE.



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A Vegetable Dressing, especially for Ladies' Use, easily applied with sponge attached to cork. Does not harden or crack the leather, or peel off, and even in wet weather will not soil the most delicate clothing.

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ELECTRIC IS A PURE BRISTLE,
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From Rev. Edward Husband Incumbent of St. Michael's, Folkestone, Feb. 13, 1883:—"Gentlemen,—

Having used your DR. SCOTT'S

ELECTRIC HAIR BRUSH

during the last year, I am

quite willing to testify to its

reviving qualities. After

hard head work I often

resort to it."

Lady A. C., Rutland

Gate, S.W., thinks it

right to inform you

that she uses Dr.

Scott's Electric Hair

Brush twice a day

and it makes her hair

both soft and glossy.

May 1, 1883.

INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT.

A SERIES OF INTERESTING EXPERIMENTS DEMONSTRATING THE ELECTRIC POWER OF

DR. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC HAIR BRUSH.

Annexed wood-cut represents a simple pocket galvanometer or compass, which is presented gratis with each Brush; the arrow point with its dots represents end pointing constantly to the north or magnetic pole. DR. SCOTT'S Electric Brush has the property of attracting or repelling the needle according to which end is brought near the compass.

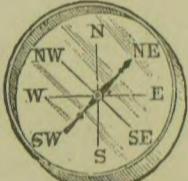


FIG. B.

EXPERIMENT NO. 1.—Place the galvanometer on a flat horizontal surface, and when the needle has come to rest in its true (from south to north) position, then gradually present the one end of DR. SCOTT'S Electric Brush to the compass, as represented in annexed figure; the needle will immediately swing round—the north pole of the Electric Brush will attract the south end of the needle and repel the north end.

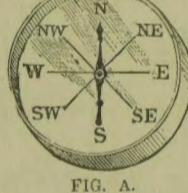


FIG. A.

EXPERIMENT NO. 2.—Reverse DR. SCOTT'S Electric Brush, and present the other end. The reverse will now take place: the end of the galvanometer needle which was attracted in the former experiment will now be repelled. DR. SCOTT'S Electric Brush has this attractive and repellent influence.

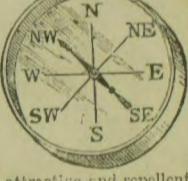


FIG. C.

EXPERIMENT NO. 3.—Take one of DR. SCOTT'S Electric Brushes and pass the compass slowly round; the needle will now assume various positions, as indicated by the letters in the wood-cut. The north pole of the needle will be held on or attracted by the south pole of the Electric Brush, and will take a parallel position when held exactly near the middle of the Electric Brush, but will take exactly the opposite positions when advanced to the north pole of the Electric Brush to what it did on the south pole, thus again showing the powerful, attractive, and repellent property of the Electric Brush.

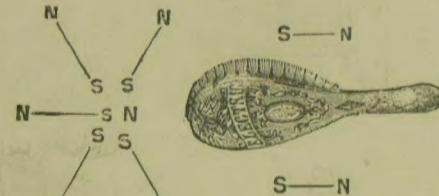


FIG. D.

EXPERIMENT NO. 4.—Showing the power of the Electric Brush by throwing its influence through any substance of reasonable thickness—the interposed substance may be a book, glass, wood, clock, stone, metal, living or dead matters. A hand placed between DR. SCOTT'S Electric Brush and the galvanometer will, with equal facility, allow the electric fluid to pass from one to the other, plainly shown by the diversion of the needle. The Electric Brush (Fig. E) is so powerfully charged as to send its influence through a space of 6 to 8 inches, with or without intervening substances.

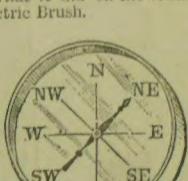
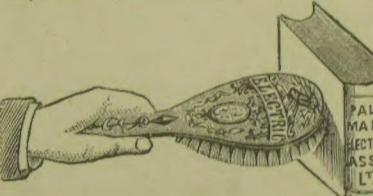


FIG. E.

Dr. SCOTT'S Electric Hair Brush is warranted to cure { NERVOUS HEADACHE, BILIOUS HEADACHE, NEURALGIA } IN 5 MINUTES.

The MEDICAL OFFICER of the COMPANY, who is a QUALIFIED and REGISTERED PRACTITIONER, attends daily for consultation (free), from 10 to 7, at the PRIVATE CONSULTING ROOMS of the PALL MALL ELECTRIC ASSOCIATION, 21, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON.

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